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ROMANCE OF OLD COURT-LIFE IN FRANCE.

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALFRED FREDERICKS.

CHAPTER XVII.—AT CHENONCEAU.

THE Château of Chenonceau, so greatly coveted by Catherine de Medici in her youth, still remains to us. It lies in a

teau, is as beautiful as ever—a picturesque mass of pointed turrets, glistening spires, perpendicular roofs, lofty pa-

and often visited it in company with his daughter-in-law, Catherine, and his mistress, the Duchesse d'Etampes, had both



"A soft hand touches him, and a sweet voice whispers 'Eternal love!'"—Page 549.

rural district of the Touraine, far from cities and the traffic of great thoroughfares. Spared, from its isolated position, by the first Revolution, this monument of the Renaissance, half palace, half châ-

vilions, and pillared arches. It is partly built over the river Cher, at once its defence and its attraction.

Henry II., as also his father, Francis, who specially loved this sunny plaisance,

lavished unknown sums on its embellishment.

Chenonceau is approached by a drawbridge over a moat fed by the river. On the southern side a stately bridge of five

arches has been added by Diane de Poitiers in order to reach the opposite bank, where the high roofs and pointed turrets of the main building are seen to great advantage, rising out of scattered woods of oak and ash, which are divided into leafy avenues leading into fair water-meadows beside the Cher. By Catherine's command this bridge has been recently covered and now forms a spacious wing of two stories, the first floor fitted as a banquetting-hall, the walls broken by four embayed windows, opening on either side and looking up and down the stream.

A fresh-breathing air comes from the river and the forest, a scent of moss and flowers extremely delicious. The cooing of the cushat doves, the cry of the cuckoo, the flutter of the breeze among the trees, and the hum of insects dancing in the sunbeams, are the voices of this sylvan solitude. The blue sky blends into the green woods, and the white clouds, sailing over the tree-tops, make the shadows come and go among the arches of the bridge and the turrets of the château.

A sudden flourish of trumpets breaks the silence. It is Catherine, in the early summer, coming, like Jezebel, to possess herself of her fair domain. She is habited in black, and wears a velvet *toque* with an ostrich-plume. A perfect horsewoman, she rides with a stately grace down the broad avenue leading from the high-road, followed by her maids of honor—a bevy of some forty beauties, the *escadron volant de la reine*, who serve her political intrigues by fascinating alike Huguenots and Catholics.

To the right of the queen-mother rides Madame Marguerite, her daughter—by-and-by to become infamous as Queen of Navarre, wife of Henry IV.—now a laughter-loving girl, who makes her brown jennet prance, out of pure high spirits. She is tall, like all the Valois, and finely formed. Her skin is very fair, and her eyes full of expression; but there is a hard look on her delicately-featured face that belies her attractive appearance.

On the other side of the queen-mother is her son, the young king, Charles IX. He has a weak though most engaging countenance. Naturally brave and witty and extremely frank and free, the artifices of his mother's corrupt court have made him what he now is—cruel, violent, and suspicious. Catherine has convinced him that he is deceived by all the world except herself, and leads him at her will. He is to marry shortly the daughter of the Emperor Maximilian. Beside him is the vicious and elegant Duc d'Anjou, his next brother, of whom Charles is extremely jealous. Already Henry has been victor at Jarnac, and almost rivals Henry of Navarre in the number of battles he fights. He is to be elected King of Poland during his brother's life. Henry is handsomer than

Charles, but baby-faced and effeminate. He wears rouge, and is as gay as a woman in his attire. Catherine's youngest son, d'Alençon, long-nosed, ill-favored, and sullen, rides beside his sister.

Behind the royal princess is Francis, Duc de Guise, a man, as we have seen, of indomitable will and unflinching purpose; fanatical in his devotion to the Catholic Church, and of unbounded ambition. He secretly cherishes the settled purpose of his house—destruction of the race of Valois. Ere long he will be assassinated at Orleans, by Poltrot, a Huguenot, a creature of Coligni, who firmly believes he will insure his salvation by this crime. Such is Christianity in the sixteenth century! There are also two cardinals mounted on mules. Lorraine, a true Guise, most haughty and unscrupulous of politicians and of churchmen; and d'Este, newly arrived from Ferrara, insinuating, treacherous, and artistic. He has brought in his train from Italy the great poet Tasso, who follows his patron, and wears a gabardine and cap of dark satin. Tasso looks sad and care-worn, spite of the high favor shown him by his countrywoman, the queen-mother. Ronsard, the court poet, is beside Tasso, and Châtellard, who, madly enamoured of the widowed queen, Mary Stuart, is about to follow her to Scotland, and to die of his presumptuous love ere long at Holyrood.

As this brilliant procession passes down the broad avenue through pleasant lawns forming part of the park, at a fast trot, a rider is seen, mounted on a powerful black horse, who neither entirely conceals himself nor attempts to join the court. As he passes in and out among the underwood skirting the adjoining forest, many eyes are bent upon him. The queen-mother, specially, turns in her saddle the better to observe him, and then questions her sons as to whether they recognize this solitary cavalier, whose face and figure are completely hidden by a broad Spanish hat and heavy riding-cloak.

At the moment when the queen-mother has turned her head to make these inquiries, and is speaking earnestly to Francis of Guise, whom she has summoned to her side, the unknown rider crosses the path of the Princess Marguerite (who in frolicsome mood is making her horse leap over some ditches in the grass), and throws a rose before her. Marguerite looks up with a gleam of delight, their eyes meet for an instant; she raises her hand, kisses it, and waves it toward him. The stranger bows to the saddle-bow, bounds into the thicket, and is seen no more. The royal party cross the drawbridge through two lines of attendants, picquers, retainers, pages, and running footmen, and dismount at the arched entrance, from which a long stone passage

leads to the great gallery, the staircase, and the various apartments.

Leaving the young king and the princes, his brothers, to the care of the chamberlains who conduct them to their various apartments, the queen-mother turns to the left, followed by the princess, who is somewhat alarmed lest her mother should have observed her recognition of the disguised cavalier. They pass through the guard-room—a lofty chamber, with raftered ceiling and walls hung with tapestry, on which cuirasses, swords, lances, casques, shields, and banners, are suspended, fashioned into various devices.

Beyond is a saloon, and through a narrow door in a corner is a small writing-closet within a turret. Catherine, who knows the château well, has chosen this suite of rooms apart from the rest. She enters the closet alone, closes the door, seats herself beside the casement, and gazes at the broad river flowing beneath. Her eye follows the current onward to where the stream, by a graceful bend, loses itself among copses of willow and alder. She smiles a smile of triumph. All is now her own. Then she summons her chamberlain, and commands a masque on the river for the evening, to celebrate her arrival. None shall say that she, a Medici, neglects the splendid pageantry of courts. Besides, the hunting-parties, banquets, and masques, are too precious as political opportunities to be disregarded.

Having dismissed her chamberlain, who with his white wand of office bows low before her, she calls for writing-materials, bidding the princess and a single lady-in-waiting, Charlotte de Pressney, her favorite attendant, remain without in the saloon.

This is a large apartment, used by Catherine as a sleeping-room, with a high vaulted ceiling of dark oak, heavily carved, the walls panelled with rare marbles, brought by the queen's command from Italy. Busts on sculptured pedestals, ponderous chairs, carved cabinets, and inlaid tables, stand around. In one corner there is a bedstead of walnut-wood, with heavy hangings of purple velvet which are gathered into a diadem with the embossed initials "C. M.," and an antique silver toilet-table, with a mirror in Venetian glass set in a shroud of lace. The polished floor has no carpet, and there is not a chair that can be moved without an effort. A window, looking south toward the river and the woods, is open. The summer breezes fill the room with fragrance. Under a ponderous mantel-piece of colored marbles Marguerite seats herself on a narrow settee. Her large, sparkling eyes and animated face, her comely shape, and easy though stately bearing, invite, yet repel, approach. She still wears her riding-

dress of emerald velvet laced with gold, and a plumed cap lies beside her. Her luxuriant hair, escaped from a golden net, covers her shoulders. She is a perfect picture of youth and beauty, and as fresh as her namesake, the daisy.

Charlotte de Pressney, at least ten years older than the princess, is an acknowledged belle. Her features are regular, her complexion brilliant, and her face full of intelligence; but there is a cunning expression about her dimpling mouth that greatly mars her beauty.

"Have you nothing for me, Charlotte?" whispers the princess, stretching out her little hand glistening with precious rings. "I know you have. Give it me. His eyes told me so when he passed me in the avenue."

"Your highness must not ask me. Suppose her majesty opens that door and sees me in the act of giving you a letter!"

"Oh! *méchante*, why do you plague me? I know you have something hidden; give it me, or I will search you," and she jumps up and casts her soft arms round the lady-in-waiting.

Charlotte disengages herself gently, and with her eyes fixed on the low door leading into the queen's closet, sighs deeply and takes a letter from her bosom, bound with blue silk and sealed with the arms of Guise.

"Ah! my colors! Is he not charming, my lover?" mutters Marguerite, as her eager eyes devour the lines. "He says he has followed us, disguised, from Tours; not even his father knows he has come, but believes him to be in Paris, in case he should be questioned by the queen-mother—Charlotte, do you think her majesty recognized him in the avenue? He was admirably disguised."

"Your highness knows that nothing escapes the queen's eye. The sudden appearance of a stranger in this lonely spot must have created observation."

"Ah! is he not adorable, Charlotte, to come like a real knight-errant to gaze at his lady-love? How grand he looked—my noble Guise, my warrior, my hero!" and Marguerite leans back pensively on the settee as though calling up his image before her.

"Her majesty will be very angry, madame, if she recognized him. I saw her questioning the duke, his father, and pointing toward him as he disappeared into the wood," answers Charlotte, with the slightest expression of bitterness in her well-modulated voice.

"Henry has discovered," continues Marguerite, still so lost in reverie that she does not heed her remark, "that the queen has a masque to-night on the river. He will be disguised, he tells me, as a Venetian nobleman, in a yellow brocade robe, with a violet mantle, and a red mask. He will wear my colors—blue,

heavenly blue, the symbol of hope and faith—on his shoulder-knot. Our watchword is to be 'Eternal love.'"

"Holy Virgin!" exclaims Charlotte, with alarm, laying her hand on Marguerite's shoulder, "your highness will not dare to meet him?"

"Be silent, *petite sotte*," breaks in the princess. "We are to meet on the southern bank of the river. Charlotte, you must help me; I shall be sure to be watched, but I must escape from the queen by some device. Change my dress, and then—and then—" and she turns her laughing eyes on the alarmed face of Charlotte, "under the shady woods, by the parterre near the grotto, I shall meet him—and alone."

"And what on earth am I to say to the queen if she asks for your highness?" replies Charlotte, turning away her face, that the princess might not see the tears that bedew her cheeks.

"Any thing, my good Charlotte; you have a ready wit, or my mother would not favor you. I trust to your invention, it has been often exercised," and she looks archly at her. "Tell the queen that I am fatigued and have retired into the château until the banquet, when I will rejoin her majesty. There is no fear, *ma mie*, especially as the Comte de Clermont is at Chenonceau. Her majesty, stern and silent though she be, unbends to him and greatly affects his company," and she laughs softly and points toward the closed door.

"I trust there is, indeed, no fear of discovery, princess," returns Charlotte, "for her majesty would never forgive me." At which Marguerite laughs again.

"Princess," says Charlotte, looking very grave, and seating herself on a stool at her feet, "tell me truly, do you love the Duc de Guise?" Charlotte's fine eyes are fixed intently on Marguerite as she asks this question.

"*Peste*! you know I do. He is as great a hero as Rinaldo in the Italian poet's romance of 'Orlando.' Somewhat sedate, perhaps, for me, but so handsome, spite of that scar. I even love that scar, Charlotte."

"Does the duke love you?" again asks Charlotte, with a trembling voice.

"*Par exemple!* do you think the man lives who would not return my love?" and the young princess colors, and tosses the masses of waving brown curls back from her brow, staring at her companion in unfeigned astonishment.

"I was thinking," continues Charlotte, avoiding her gaze and speaking in a peculiar voice, "I was thinking of that poor La Molle, left alone in Paris. How jealous he was! You loved him well, madame, a week ago."

"Bah! that is ancient history—we are at Chenonceau now. When I return to Paris it is possible I may console him.

Poor La Molle! one cannot be always constant. Charlotte," said the princess, after a pause, looking inquisitively at her, "I believe you are in love with the Balafré yourself."

Charlotte colors, and, not daring to trust her voice in reply, shakes her head and bends her eyes on the ground.

Marguerite, too much occupied with her own thoughts to take much heed of her friend's emotion, pats her fondly on the cheek, and proceeds:

"You are dull, *ma mie*; amuse yourself like me, now with one, then with another. Be constant to none. Regard your own interest and inclination only. But leave Guise alone; he is my passion. His proud reserve pleases me. His stately devotion touches me. He is a king among men. I love to torment the hero of Jarnac and Moncontour. He is jealous, too—jealous of the very air I breathe; but in time, that may become wearisome. I never thought of that," adds she, musing.

"Your highness will marry soon," says Charlotte, rising and facing the princess, "and then Guise must console himself—"

"With you, *par exemple*, *belle des belles*? You need not blush so, Charlotte, I read your secret. But, *ma mie*, I mean to marry Henri de Guise myself, even if my mother and the king, my brother, refuse their consent. They may beat me—imprison me—or banish me; I will still marry Henri de Guise."

"Her majesty will never consent to this alliance, madame."

"You are jealous, Charlotte, or you would not say so. Why should I not marry him, when my sister-in-law, the young Queen of Scots, is of the house of Lorraine?"

"Yes, madame, but the case is altogether different; she is a queen-regnant. The house of Lorraine is already too powerful."

"Ah!" exclaims the volatile Marguerite, starting up, "I love freedom; freedom in life, freedom in love. Charlotte, you say truly, I shall never be constant."

"Then, alas for your husband! He must love you, and you will break his heart."

"Husband! I will have no husband but Henri de Guise. Guise or a convent. I should make an enchanting nun!" And she laughs a low, merry laugh, springs to her feet, and turns a pirouette on the floor. "I think the dress would suit me. I would write Latin elegies on all my old lovers."

"You will hear somewhat of that, madame, later from the queen," Charlotte replies, with a triumphant air. "A husband is chosen for you already."

"Who? Who is he?"

"You will learn from her majesty very shortly."

"Charlotte, if you do not tell me this instant, I will never forgive you;" and Marguerite suddenly becomes grave and reseats herself. "Next time you want my help, I won't move a finger."

"I dare not tell you, madame."

"Then I will tell Guise to-night you are in love with him," cries she, reddening with anger.

"O princess," exclaims Charlotte, sinking at her feet, and seizing her hand; "you would not be so cruel!"

"But I will, unless you tell me."

At this moment, when Marguerite was dragging her friend beside her on the sofa, determined to obtain an avowal from her almost by force, the low door opens, and Catherine stands before them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

THE two girls were startled and visibly trembled; but, recovering from their fright, rose and made their obeisance. For a moment Catherine gazed earnestly at them, as if divining the reason of their discomposure; then, beckoning to the princess, she led her daughter into her writing-room, where she seated herself beside a table covered with dispatches and papers.

"My daughter," said the queen, contemplating Marguerite with satisfaction, as the princess stood before her, her cheeks flushed by the fright that Catherine's sudden entrance had occasioned. "I have commanded a masque to-night on the river, and a banquet in the water-gallery, to celebrate my return. You will attend me, and be careful not to leave me, my child. Strangers have been seen among the woods. Did you not mark one as we approached riding near us?" And Catherine gave a searching glance at Marguerite. "I have given strict orders that all strangers (Huguenots, probably, with evil designs upon his majesty) shall be arrested and imprisoned."

Again Catherine turned her piercing eyes upon Marguerite, who suddenly grew very pale.

"My daughter, you seem indisposed; the heat has overcome you—be seated."

Marguerite sank into a chair near the door. She knew that her mother had recognized the duke, and that it would be infinitely difficult to keep her appointment with him that evening. Neither mother nor daughter spoke for some moments. Catherine was studying the effect of her words on Marguerite, and Marguerite was endeavoring to master her agitation. When the queen next addressed her, the princess was still pale, but perfectly composed.

"My daughter, you passed much of your time before you left the Louvre with the Comte la Molle. I know he is highly favored by my son, Anjou. Does his company amuse you?"

Marguerite's cheeks became scarlet.

"Your majesty has ever commanded me," replied she, in a firm voice, "to converse with those young nobles whom you and my brother, the king, have called to the court."

"True, my child, you have done so, I acknowledge freely, and, by such gracious bearing, you have, doubtless, forwarded his majesty's interests." There was again silence. "Our cousin, the young Duc Henri de Guise, is also much in your company," Catherine said, at length, speaking very slowly and turning her eyes full upon Marguerite, who, for an instant, returned her gaze boldly. "I warn you, Marguerite, that neither the king my son, nor I, will tolerate more alliances with the ambitious House of Lorraine. They stand too near the throne already."

Marguerite during this speech did not look up, not daring to meet the steadfast glance of the queen.

"Surely," said she, speaking low, "your majesty has been prejudiced against the duke by my brother Charles. His majesty hates him. He is jealous of him."

"My child, speak with more respect of his majesty."

"Madame, the king has threatened to beat me if I dared to love the Duc de Guise. But I am your majesty's own child," and Marguerite turned toward Catherine caressingly. "I fear not threats." Catherine smiled and curiously observed her. "But your majesty surely forgets," continued Marguerite, warmly, "that our cousin of Guise is the chief pillar of the throne, a hero who, at sixteen, vanquished Coligni at Poitiers; and that at Massignac and Jarnac, in company with my brother Anjou, he performed prodigies of valor."

"My daughter, I forget nothing. You appear to have devoted much study to the life of the duke—our cousin. It is a brilliant page in our history. I have, however, other projects for you. You must support the throne by a royal marriage."

"O madame!" exclaimed Marguerite, heaving a deep sigh, and clasping her hands as she looked imploringly at her mother, who proceeded to address her as though unconscious of this appeal.

"Avoid Henri de Guise, princess. I have already remonstrated with his father on his uninvited presence here, of which he professes entire ignorance—for he is *here*, and you know it, Marguerite"—and she shot an angry glance at the embarrassed princess. "Avoid the duke, I say, and let me see you attended less

often by La Molle, or I must remove him from the court."

"Madame!" cried Marguerite, turning white, and looking greatly alarmed, well knowing what this removal meant; "I will obey your commands. But whom, may I ask, do you propose for my husband? Unless I can choose a husband for myself"—and she hesitated, for the queen bent her eyes sternly upon her and frowned—"I do not care to marry at all," she added, in a low voice.

"Possibly you may not, my daughter. But his majesty and the council have decided otherwise. Your hand must ultimately seal a treaty, important to the king, your brother, in order to reconcile conflicting creeds and to conciliate a powerful party."

All this time Marguerite had stood speechless before the queen. At this last sentence, fatal to her hopes of marrying the Duc de Guise, the leader of the Catholic party, her lips parted as if to speak, but she restrained herself and was silent.

"The daughters of France," said Catherine, lifting her eyes to the ceiling, "do not consider personal feelings in marriage, but the good of the kingdom. My child, you are to marry very shortly the King of Navarre. I propose journeying myself to the Castle of Nérac to conclude a treaty with my sister, Queen Jeanne, his mother. Henri de Béarn will demand your hand. He will be accepted when an alliance is concluded between the Queen of Navarre and myself."

"But, my mother," answered Marguerite, stepping forward in her excitement, "he is a heretic. I am very Catholic. Surely your majesty will not force me—"

"You will convert him," replied Catherine.

"But, madame, the prince is not to my taste. He is rough and unpolished. He is a mountaineer—a Béarnois."

"My daughter, he will be your husband. Now, Marguerite, listen to me. This marriage is indispensable for reasons of state. The king, your brother, and I myself like the King of Navarre as little as you do. That little kingdom in the valleys of the Pyrenees is a thorn in our side which we must pluck out. Those pestilent and accursed heretics must be destroyed. We call them to our court; we lodge them in the Louvre—not for love, Marguerite—not for love. Have patience, my daughter. I cannot unfold to you the secrets of the council; but it is possible that Henry of Navarre may not live long. Life is in the hands of God—and of the king." She added, in a lower voice: "Console yourself. A day is coming that will purge France of Huguenots; and if Henry do not accept the mass—"

"Madame," said Marguerite, archly (who had eagerly followed her mother's words), "I trust that the service of his

majesty will not require me to convert the King of Navarre?"

"No, princess," said Catherine, with a sinister smile. "My daughter," continued she, "your dutiful obedience pleases me. The king may, in the event of your marriage, create new posts of honor about the King of Navarre while he lives. Monsieur La Molle, a most accomplished gentleman, shall be remembered. *Au revoir*, princess. Send Charlotte de Presney to me. Go to your apartments, and prepare for the masque on the river I have commanded to-night in honor of our arrival."

So Marguerite, full of thought, courtesying low before her mother, kissed her hand, and retired to her apartments.

As the sun sets and the twilight deepens, torch after torch lights up the river and the adjacent woods. Every window in the chateau is illuminated, and great beacon-fires flash out from the turrets. The sound of a lute, the refrain of a song, a snatch from a hunting-chorus, are borne upon the breeze, as, one by one, painted barges shoot out from under the arches of the bridge along the current.

As night advances the forest on both sides of the river is all ablaze. On the southern bank, where the parterre is divided from the woods by marble balustrades, statues and hedges of clipped yew, festoons of colored lamps hang from tree to tree, and fade away into sylvan bowers deep among the tangled coppice. The fountains, cunningly lit from below, flash up in streams of liquid fire. Each tiny streamlet that crosses the mossy lawns is a thread of gold. Tents of satin and velvet, fringed with gold, border broad alleys and marble terraces of dazzling whiteness. The river, bright as at mid-day with the light of thousands of torches, is covered with gondolas and fantastic barks. Some are shaped like birds—swans, parrots, and peacocks; others resemble shells, and butterflies whose expanded wings of glittering stuff form the sails. All are filled with maskers habited in every device of quaint disguise. Not a face or form is to be recognized. See how rapidly the fairy fleet cleaves the water, now dashing into deep shadows, now lingering in the torchlight that glances on the rich silks and grotesque features of the maskers. Yonder a whole boat's crew is entangled among the water-lilies that thickly fringe the banks under the overarching willows. Some disembark among the fountains, or mount the broad marble steps leading to the arcades; some descend to saunter far away into the illuminated woods. Others, tired of the woods, are reëmbarking on the river. In the centre of the stream is a barge with a raised platform covered with velvet embroidered in gold, on which are placed the queen's musicians, who wake the far-off echoes with joyous

symphonies. Beyond, in the woods, are maskers who dance under silken hangings spread among the overhanging branches of giant oaks, or recline upon cushions piled upon rich carpets beside tables covered with choice wines, fruit, and confectionery. The merry laughter of these revellers mixes with strains of voluptuous music from flutes and flageolets, played by concealed musicians placed in pavilion-orchestras hidden among the underwood, tempting onward those who desire to wander into the dark and lonely recesses of the forest.

Among the crowd which thickly gathers on the parterre, a tall man of imposing figure, habited in a Venetian dress of yellow satin, and wrapped in a cloak of the same color, paces up and down. He is alone and impatient. He wears a red mask; conspicuous on his right shoulder is a knot of blue and silver ribbons. As each boat approaches to discharge its gay freight upon the bank, he eagerly advances and mixes with the company. Then, as though disappointed, he returns into the shadow thrown by the portico of a shell grotto. Wearied with waiting, he seats himself upon the turf. "She will not come!" he says, and then sinks back against a tree, and covers his face with his hands. The fountains throw up columns of fiery spray; the soft music sighs in the distance; crowds of fluttering maskers pace up and down the plots of smooth grass, or linger on the terrace—still he sits and waits.

A soft hand touches him, and a sweet voice whispers, "Eternal love!" It is the princess, who, disguised in a black domino, procured by Charlotte de Presney, has escaped from the queen-mother, and stands before him.

For an instant she unmask and turns her lustrous eyes upon him.

Henri de Guise (for it is he) leaps to his feet. He kneels before her and kisses her hands. "Oh! my princess, what condescension!" he murmurs in a low voice. "I trembled lest I had been too bold. I feared that my letter had not reached you."

A gay laugh answers his broken sentences.

"My cousin, will you promise to take on your soul all the lies I have told my mother in order to meet you?"

"I will absolve you, madame."

"Ah, my cousin, I have ill news! My mother and the king are determined to marry me to the King of Navarre."

"Impossible!" exclaims the duke; "it would be sacrilege!"

"O Henry!" replies the princess, in a pleading voice, and laying her hand upon his arm, "my cousin, bravest among the brave, swear by your own sword, you will save me from this detestable heretic!"

The duke did not answer, but gently

drew her near the entrance of the grotto. It was now late, and the lights within had grown dim. "Marguerite," he says, in a voice trembling with passion, "come where I may adore you as my living goddess—come where I may conjure you to give me a right to defend you. Say but one word, and to-morrow I will ask your hand in marriage; the king dare not refuse me."

"Alas! my cousin, my mother's will is absolute."

"It is a vile conspiracy!" cries the duke, in great agitation. "The house of Lorraine, my princess, save but for the crown, is as great as your own. My uncle, the cardinal, shall appeal to the Holy See. Marguerite, do but love me, and I will never leave you! Marguerite, hear me!" He seizes her hands—he presses her in his arms, drawing her each moment deeper into the recesses of the grotto. As they disappear, a voice is heard without, calling softly:

"Madame! Madame Marguerite! for the love of Heaven, come, come!"

In an instant the spell is broken. Marguerite extricates herself from the arms of the duke and rushes forward.

It is Charlotte de Presney, disguised like herself in a black domino. "Not a moment is to be lost," she says, hurriedly. "Her majesty has three times asked for your highness. She supposes I am in the chateau seeking you." Charlotte's voice is unsteady. She wore her mask to conceal her face, for it was bathed in tears.

In an instant, she and the princess, followed by the duke, cross the terrace to where a boat is moored, under the shade of some willows, and are lost in the crowd.

The duke dashes into the darkest recesses of the forest, and is seen no more.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A "WORTHY PATRIARCH."

IT was on a hot day in July last that I became acquainted with a man named Dorelan, who shipped professionally as cook and steward upon a seining-schooner sailing out of a Massachusetts port for a six weeks' cruise after mackerel.

I recall that he came down the wharf with a quick step, and addressed our skipper with a cheerful voice, and that his dapper cleanliness bespoke our good-will in advance.

"Of course you can cook?" asked the captain, with a smile, which seemed deprecatory of the form which compelled him to put the question.

"Oh, yes, indeed, sir!" was the answer.

There was no half-way tone or manner about this reply—it came prompt upon the second, and yet not too quickly. We looked at one another; here was our only fear dispelled, for cooks had been very scarce in

port, and up to this last moment we had been unable to procure one.

To cater for a fishing-crew in these days is a labor of high degree. The cook, though last upon the boat's list, comes long before the captain, and his work is the unseen substratum which must be as solid and flawless as human accomplishments ever are. It will not do to produce a fair pot of coffee, and a fair scouse, and a fair pan of soft biscuit, but there must be excellent coffee, excellent fish and meat, and excellent bread. Indeed, I have been told of one cook who was accounted extravagant, however, who had no less than seven kinds of this last upon his table at once. And fifteen hungry fishermen crave delicacies besides. Cakes, pies, crullers, puddings, as well as fruit, when in port, are now established as necessities, and our crew, in particular, possessed the most sensitive palates.

That same day, at seven in the evening, we dropped down the bay happy and contented, bound for the George's Banks. We sailed slowly out between the low sand-hills, and, with our six brown sails flushed with the sun, began our fish-hunt by heading straight out upon the calm and tremendous ocean, so cool and immeasurable. I remember that the men came aft, and, gathering about the wheel, gazed silently up at the luminous clouds, depending in splendid masses over the distant horizon, feeling upon their backs the dampish breaths from the vast gray sea, and upon their faces the gentle glow of the setting sun. A white light-house upon a yellowish reach of sand took upon itself a softened motley, one tint being that of day, and the other that of evening; upon the shelving shores at its foot there broke now and then a languid surge, and a dissolving patch of foaming white would run up a little upon the beach and then gradually fade away. Now and then there would come a lazy-sailing sea-bird, with one bright wing and one dark one, or a fisherman's boat, like our own, with one sail of lead and another of gold. One ear caught the faint murmur of the bells of the distant town, and the other the smothered voices of the sea; now a few strains of some camp-song from the sands, and now the monitory whispers of the rising breeze as it played upon the harp of our rigging. Behind us all was ill-defined, colorless, mysterious—a cold sea met a cold sky, and fog began to generate—before us, all was inspiring, illuminated, ardent—an empurpled land, a fiery sky, an over-arch of beautiful clouds, and the tremendous and indescribable glory of the sun. A vision of death and a vision of life—something to stir the awe and something to stir the exultation. A red-faced Cape-Ann seiner beside me muttered slowly and oracularly, with a thick voice:

"Well, that's d—d fine, anyway!"

Half an hour later, when the fore-castle euchre-packs had drawn away the greater part of the sailors, somebody said to me, in a quiet but rather sententious manner:

"That man wasn't far from right, sir."

It was our steward. He had folded his spare arms across his narrow chest, and was gazing raptly at the darkening beauties of the sky. His face was small, thin, and clean-

shaven, and quite sensitive. It transpired that he came from a settlement of people established on the sea-coast of New Hampshire, and which had the reputation of being one of the most degraded communities in the country. The people were said to have lived, not long ago, without regard to law or gospel, and their food, clothing, and surroundings, were of the rudest and most primitive kinds. Indeed, they had been infamous. Some newspaper men on their vacation-travels had lighted upon them, and had printed terrible stories in the New-York dailies, which, while allowing for all extravagance, contained fair shares of truth. But lately the condition of this community had been much improved by the efforts of a young missionary, who, it seemed, was a friend of our steward's. We walked up and down the deck late into the night, talking about this reformation, and I discovered that our cook was an enthusiast and a tremendous socialist.

That evening we had tea and ship-biscuit and cheese for lunch, as each of us had eaten supper before starting, and as it was not thought to be a good plan to heat up the fore-castle with a baking-fire. Therefore our steward was tranquil until we got off Thatcher-Island Light, when we met the swell of the sea, and began to rise and fall with that smooth, lubricated motion that has wrecked so much human dignity.

To my surprise, our steward began to grow white in the light of the binnacle-lamp. I had supposed him to be an old and thrice-tried sailor, hardened against the smell of the bilgewater and the terrors of sea-sickness, but it seemed that he was a pretty weak brother, after all. However, he promised that he would recover presently, and, in spite of his fast-accumulating misery, he did not diminish the blithe sprightliness of his tone, which was the same he had used when he had proclaimed himself a cook half a dozen hours before.

At twelve o'clock that night, it being my watch on deck, I again encountered him; he was half lying and half leaning upon a coil of spare cable, looking up at the stars and murmuring to himself. I asked him what he was about; he replied, gayly, that he was boxing the compass for pastime. His cap was off, and his thin hair was brushed back as far as possible from his temples, in order to permit the cool air to play freely about his skull. It was clear that this was not the position of an ordinary toiler of the sea.

At breakfast the next morning we had some muddy coffee, a couple of score of tough blond lumps for bread and a tin platter of badly-cooked fresh meat. I shall never fail to laugh as I recall the ominous gloom which overcame the eight rough epicures who constituted the first mess as they silently contemplated this initial meal of the one hundred and fifty they must consume before their return to port again. They fell-to, with stolid violence, and scowled as they cut and drank, and threw sidelong looks of great ill-favor at the legs of the steward, who was standing midway on the companion-ladder with his head reaching up above the deck, still ravenously thirsty for the pure air.

But after the breakfast, such as it was,

excuses for his shortcomings were multiplied on every hand, and a considerate pity for his illness was exhibited even by those to whom plum-duff and granulated sugar seemed two prime requisites at every table. One man mixed some hot camphor for him, and another, who had been a steward himself in his callow days, offered to wash up the dishes. The cook gave them a special clear look from his timid eyes, and bustled about with a rather tired-looking face though, as I knew his body was a distressing load.

In the broad daylight the contrast between his physique and that of the fishermen was so great that it was forced upon one. His chest, seen through his carelessly-buttoned shirt, was flat and smooth; theirs were covered with hair, and were thick with muscle; his neck showed the ringed windpipe and the larger muscles, while theirs were round, burned, and sturdy; when he spoke his voice was likely to shoot up into a high key, but when they spoke they roared; when he moved, he slid or stepped lightly; but when they moved they jumped and sprang with all their might, and made things feel them; they had beards, shocks of coarse hair, huge hands, decisive tones, and confronting presences, while poor Dorelan seemed to be the reverse side of a medallion man, all negation, depression, simplicity.

During the afternoon of the same day the wind dropped and the shielding clouds vanished from the sky, and left us at the mercy of the sun. The calmness was nearly perfect; the water had a whitish polish, but there was a rolling swell which tossed our schooner in an angle of twenty-five degrees, at the same time giving it successive tosses to port and starboard, dipping it half a dozen streaks at every lurch. The sails slapped, the reef-points threshed a quick tattoo upon the canvas, the sheet-blocks jumped in their eye-bolts with a savage rattle, the ropes snapped against the masts, and the deck glared with the heat. Three or four prostrate figures vainly tried to keep beneath the flying shadows of the booms; the two gilt mast-heads gyrated madly against the torrid zenith; the fore-castle became now the top of a cliff and now the bottom of a ravine, and the schooner shook and trembled and dived into the molten water as if trying to escape from a torture by fire.

I was dozing at the wheel, which was stayed by a lanyard. Suddenly something impelled me to look up, and I beheld the poor steward in a terrible plight. He was endeavoring to stand upright between two barrels, having braced himself with his arms and legs; he was glaring at me with protruding eyes; his soft, thin hair was standing all ways, his lips were blue, his cheeks had disappeared, his body was concave, and yet he struggled hard to give me one of his most hopeful smiles. Lurch after lurch staggered him to and fro, and pitch after pitch threw him now backward and now forward, and with such violence that his body seemed in danger of being jerked to pieces. He grasped and grasped with convulsive clutches while his two casks danced glorious waltz. And yet, amid it all, in spite of the stifling smell of the tarry deck, the oppression of the scorching sun, the stunning

bewildering tumult of all movable things, and in spite of his absorbing and prostrating malady, this man tried hard to be cheerful. I began to believe he was a hero of one sort or another.

But finally another plunge of the vessel, a longer and deeper one than usual, overthrew him and his two towers, and precipitated them altogether down a steep hill, and he plunged into the scuppers with a whimper of misery. He lay there all the livelong day, burrowing his tangled head into the largest shady angle he could find, and hugging the jib-traveller as if it were his only friend.

At the first flush this exhibition amused the crew, but presently, as the comedy drew on in length, their laughter changed to gravity and their fun to serious speculation. Was this to continue? Had the man no idea of the requirements of his post? Must they suffer because he suffered? Why did he not get up and shake it off like a man? Had he not represented himself as able? And did he call this ability?

It so happened that the captain himself had some knowledge of cooking, and so he quitted his post and went personally into the fore-castle (the galley-fire aboard fishermen is always there), and made us a very tolerable dinner of minced fish and bannock. We ate enormously, and grew more lenient and forgiving to the fallen man.

At night I again encountered him sitting in the light of the moon, upon a coil of cable, clutching his head with his hands, the bones of which stood out like a skeleton's. I began to ask him questions. He replied with a humility which was more tender than slavish, and in a voice which was a curious compound of the tones of a woman and a man. At first he was a little reluctant, though it was plain he wished to unbosom himself. He restrained his confessions several times, but at length he yielded and delivered up the tale.

He was poor, and his family was in danger of privation, and he had jumped at the employment our captain offered him, especially as he was permitted by custom to draw a good share of his pay in advance. This he had sent to his wife and their six children, and he had lied abominably to obtain it. He virtually knew nothing about cooking save the lessons he gained by serving his invalid family, and it was upon his knowledge of gruels, corn-starch puddings, and toast, that he had ventured to assert himself capable of providing nearly a score of burly fishermen with the large quantities of food they must daily consume.

At first I could not help a strong feeling of anger at the impostor, but, as the background of his position became more clear, I forgave him by degrees, and felt that his falsehood was almost excusable.

The picture of Dorelan's home was as unhappy as any I ever heard described. The distresses of the lack of work, illness, hunger, and incompatibility, all seemed to have gathered about the little group of which he was the head, and to have tormented it in every fashion. Their house was bleak and damp, the children weak and pining, the food such as Nature gave for the trouble of gathering, and the spirit of their household seemed to be a

discordant and contentious one. At the time of sailing two of the youngest of the family were sick with some child's disorder, the mother was in a slow and wasting fever, and the remaining four were hungry, ill clad, and perpetually ailing.

"I am her second husband," said the steward, while speaking of his wife, "and all the children are not mine. I'm the father of only one of them, but it seems that the Lord has willed that the seven should become a burden on my narrow back, and I shoulder it thankfully."

There was a large amount of cant compressible in such a sentence as that, yet I am convinced that this poor weakling spoke it in all sincerity. He had adopted the first of Hamlet's propositions, and had chosen to look upon his troubles as chastenings not to be combated.

I could not persuade him to leave the hard and uncomfortable bed he had chosen for himself; for he had arrived at that stage of sea-sickness in which one repels all antidotes and hates compassion. I depended upon the persuasive powers of those who succeeded me in the watch to get the cook below, but I afterward discovered that they found him in the self-same position in the morning, curled up like a caterpillar, drenched with the dew and shaking with the cold. They dragged him to his feet and tried to give him in turn doses of brine from the ocean, and bilge-water, this last being drawn fresh from the pump 'midships; but the instant the scent of it arose to his nostrils he recoiled, and, throwing up his hands, sank down, in spite of them, a helpless bundle.

It took three days (one of which we spent in the harbor of Gloucester) for the crew to fully comprehend the extent of the disaster which had befallen them. Nearly all were shipped on such terms that made them, to a certain extent, sharers in the profits of the voyage, as well as sharers of the loss, should a loss be the result, and the consequence of this arrangement was to interest them very strongly in every delay which occurred.

Gradually the truth blazed full upon them that their cook was a thorough incompetent, and that they must return with him to port if they hoped to meet with any success in their undertaking. This was serious business. The discovery befell us just as we reached that most dreaded of all dread spots, the George's Shoal. This is a vast area to the eastward of Cape Cod, whereon the water shallows to the depth of a fathom, and which is open straight to the action of the broad Atlantic, whose enormous sweep is brought to bear upon this interrupting swell in the land, and upon which it foams continually. It is a rich fishing-ground, and its treasures and perils are blended in equal proportions. To be a "George's fisherman" is to be all that is brave and hardy. The sum of all human courage is to be found in those sturdy souls who sail out upon it in mid-winter in fifty-ton craft, well armed with lights and anchors, and struggle amid the bitter winter storms for their frozen loads of cod. When other seas are calm and all the adjacent waters are smooth and languid, the tides upon George's are rough and turbulent; but when

the winds blow, and the clouds gather, and ocean frowns, then it is that the spirit of discord bursts down upon this unblest patch, and charges it with such stern terrors that the oldest skippers gather in their triple reefs and trust to Providence.

The ocean captains begin to count upon danger when they know the George's currents are gathering about their keels, and, as they steam along at quarter speed, they sound and sound, and arm their ships with a double battery of human eyes. Fishermen describe the condition of the water in fair weather as "hubbly," and it is a capital descriptive adjective. Waves rise without order or regular succession, and shoot up their torn and frothing peaks under a vessel's bow in independent antagonism; no regular swell influences them, and no wind drives them in a consistent direction, but the choppy uproar has a vigor quite its own.

Our small craft, in company with a dozen others of a like size, ventured upon these stormy parts at the same time, and it so happened that a southeast gale began to blow just as we entered upon them on our course southward. The men "oiled up," that is, they swathed themselves in a yellow armor of oiled clothing, together with shining black boots of rubber and battered 'sowsters; these last being tarred hats of quilted cotton-cloth, with convex rims, which descend rearward, and shed the water completely.

The contention was perpetual. We were forever reefing, heaving-to, and blowing fog-signals. Double watches were set, the best men were put at the wheel, and the struggles with the heavy sails and swollen ropes were ceaseless. It was then that we most hated our worthless steward. Weariness and hunger continually beset us, and from the latter there was but little relief. There was no well-stocked cupboard filled with freshened beef, and soft tack, and pies, no steaming pot of coffee, and no cheering fire; there was nothing to be seen save barren shelves and a frozen stove. No wonder that our souls desponded when, fresh from the dripping decks, with benumbed and stiffened frames, and appetites thrice whetted by the keen sea-air, we found nothing fit to eat or drink, and beheld in their stead naught but the pallid, all-eyes visage of our pretended cook looking out from beneath his red coverlid with a helplessness that mocked our wants and aggravated our distresses.

In the evening the wind increased, and the sea arose higher and higher, and the horizon was alive with flying vessels yawing and pitching like so many cradles. It became portentously dark, and the rain fell in such torrents that, at times, it was hard to draw the breath. The men below were obliged to close the companion-hatches, and all who were not required on deck remained in the little cabins until their turns came to watch.

In the fore-castle the air quickly became close and foul, and filled with moisture. In twenty minutes after the hatches were shut, I began to notice an agitation beneath the red coverlid. Presently there was projected a slim leg half bare, and there followed, by slow degrees, the entire little body of the cook, whose ragged head, with its distorted

face, as he withdrew it from the obscurity of his bunk, seemed to me to be the fitting end of such an incorporated misery.

He straightened up as well as he could, and, while clinging desperately to the wood-work of the berth, he said, to the half-dozen of us who were sitting around him on the lockers:

"Gentlemen, how would a good hot pot of stewed peas go?"

"Hooray!" roared a monster of a fellow in a derisive tone. "Hooray!"

The rest of us said nothing. The cook looked somewhat doubtfully at his encourager, and then, notwithstanding our disappointing want of pleasure, he painfully set about making a fire and preparing the dish under the antagonistic eyes of his critics.

Well, he burned the peas.

He had almost completed his cooking, which, of all simples, was simplicity itself, when the pungent odor of the fatal scorch filled the cabin like a puff of exploded gunpowder. This mishap brought on the thunder and lightning of the tempest which had been gathering ever since we had left port, and now the real persecution of the unhappy steward began.

To such a spirit as his the jeers, and slurs, and oaths of the defrauded fishermen in the cabin were as substantial as so many blows and kicks. He slipped away from the niche in which was his stove, and laboriously clambered up the companion-ladder and disappeared upon the deck, amid a burst of rain and wind.

We immediately turned the vessel about and began our journey back to the port whence we started. The burning of the stew precipitated matters at once. The cook had now no apologist, and he became an outcast.

Again, late in the night, I found him huddled under the lee of the rail as far forward as he could force himself. He had drawn his knees up beneath his chin, and clasped his arms about them, and had composed his body into the smallest knot.

I spoke to him, and received an answer in a weak voice; so weak, in fact, that I remembered for the first time that the man must be on the verge of starvation. I persisted in talking to him when the lulls in the storm permitted me to speak, and I cheered him as I best knew how. He became confidential again, and the prospect of home (even wretched as it was) warmed his spirit into a little life.

"Is to-day the 23d of the month, sir?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied.

He seemed to think for a moment, and then, when the next opportunity occurred, he said:

"I'm sorry for that; I wish it was the 20th or the 21st."

"Why?"

"Oh, the society meets to-night, and I ought to be there; they can't always get along without me."

I was interested to know that this slender mortal was of any importance anywhere, and I expressed curiosity.

"What society is it?"

"The Independent Order of Odd-fellows."

I always fancied that there was a shade of eagerness and anxiety in the manner of his reply, an uneasiness that he should not have an opportunity to say what he had at the end of his tongue. And I was never more impressed with the meagreness of his body, the delicate sensitiveness of his pinched face, and his utter lack of vigor and manliness, than I was at that moment.

"Are you an officer in it?" I inquired.

"Yes," he replied, "I am the Worthy Pa—I am the Worthy Patriarch."

At this instant the schooner took a savage plunge head-first into the sea, and a curling wave arose several feet above the starboard-bow, and came roaring down upon the trembling steward and buried him completely.

Worthy Patriarch! Well, there was no one to grudge him the satisfaction of describing his honors. All through the troubles and contumely he had encountered in the past few days, this sweet morsel had unquestionably lain close to his heart, and warmed it. In spite of what might occur elsewhere, and in the face of all the hate and contempt his conduct might invoke from strangers, he possessed this unfailing balm: the dear, transcendent knowledge that he was a respected and honored man in his own small nook.

We ran eight or nine knots all that night, steering north by west, but the succeeding day was even more stormy than its predecessor. The effect of their long semi-fast was very clearly manifest in the manners of the men. Their elasticity was gone, and the blue-devils had the first hand. Every man was skipper of his own conduct, and the nominal captain was looked upon as being as culpable as the cook himself. They obeyed orders or not, just as it occurred to them that they helped or retarded our progress home. Their voices grew gruff, their oaths more vigorous and frequent, and each of them began a tobacco debauch as a compensation for the poor meals they were forced to eat. They would often stand for whole minutes before the prostrate steward, eyeing him with an unflinching, vindictive gaze, meanwhile chewing their cud with a rapidity and vigor that implied whole volumes of threats. If any of his possessions fell in their way, no matter how inoffensively, they would seize them and hurl them as far as they could be made to go. He was the subject of their fiercest language, and they described the poor wretch as bristling with such monstrous crimes that one would have thought him the incarnation of all that was infernal. Each man had his favorite epithet for him, and frequently a fellow at one end of the schooner would lift up his husky voice and utter a blasphemous denunciation of the shrinking atom of a man at the other:

"Hallo, you d—d swindle, you look like a Cape-Cod melon, fins on the outside and sand in the middle. Why don't you stand up? Say, ain't you goin' to lay out your advance in huckleberries? They hain't no backbones in huckleberries, and they are gen'rally cooked when you buy 'em; you won't run no risk. Get up out o' that, you devilish dog-fish!"

"Cook!" would exclaim another. "He ain't no cook; he can't bile dish-water 'thout burnin' of it."

"No; an' I don't believe he knows enough

to come it over a Duxbury clam. Confound him!"

The object of this abuse would never so much as raise his eyes. He kept his thoughts within himself, and his body in as small a compass as possible. Being conscious of his culpability, he was scrupulous not to encroach any further upon the rights and domains of his victims. They insulted and abused him, but he meekly kept his head lowered and his face averted.

We ran up the coast with a constantly-increasing wind, and we blessed the gale that prospered us. Twenty-four hours more would find us in port, with our troubles ended, and our trip furnished with a fresh beginning.

As the space disappeared under our keel, the relations of the cook and his enemies deepened, and became more defined. He grew more penitent, and they more aggressive. He was more zealous, if possible, in his endeavors to avoid them, and they frequently forced him to leap hurriedly out of his position under pretence of necessity. They kept him skipping about the deck the whole morning with his hang-dog look and disordered dress, and he never found a place where he could protect his ears against their slurs and profanity.

His submission was even painful, and I became confident that he had not the smallest atom of pluck in his composition. And I was also sure of this, that he had not eaten a morsel of food for forty-eight hours. His conscience had forbidden it.

That evening an amateur musician produced a cornet from his chest and played a few airs upon it, while the rest of us turned into our bunks and listened. About as we were getting tired of the not over-skillful performance we beheld the steward back timidly out of his berth, and stagger across to the player. He addressed him in a weak but pleasant tone:

"I used to perform on the cornet myself once, in my younger days. It was an E sharp. I used to play very well, so they said."

"The h— you did!" was the rejoinder.

"Yes," pursued the other; "and if you don't object, I should like to try yours a minute or two. Perhaps I can hit on something you'd like to hear."

His subservience made him swallow the oath. The enormity of the presumption very plainly caused the fisherman to lose his presence of mind, and so he instinctively wiped the rim of the mouth-piece on the sleeve of his jacket, and then put the instrument into the hands of the steward, who at once sat down and dampened his lips with his tongue, and did a little fingering. Then he squared his elbows and made a mouth. A light in front of him displayed his face and caused him to look very much paler than he really was, and when he came to puff out his thin cheeks, and to project his large eyes under his straggling hair, he made a very curious spectacle.

By some mishap his attempt was something of a failure; for his first note was so shrill and piercing that every man in the forecastle thrust out his head with a shout of anger. The second trial resulted in the same way.

"Ah!" said the steward, in an apologetic tone, "I see how it is now; I shall get it at the third trying. It is a pretty Swiss thing."

He made a third essay, but before he had completed the first dozen notes an enormous leather boot came curveting end over end through the air, and as it struck the cornet and the lamp at one blow it produced a total darkness and a tremendous clatter of brass and glass at the same time.

Not a word came from the steward. We heard him groping on his hands and knees upon the floor for the cornet, which he seemed to place upon the table, and then to retire to his berth again, which fact was indicated by a faint creaking of the bottom boards.

It was evening again before we rounded the red can-buoy that lay off our harbor, and the light-house lantern began to blaze just as we shot past it on our way up the channel.

We ran in opposite our wharf, and at a little past eight o'clock we dropped the anchor in the stream. After the furling of the sails the men hurried to their lockers and bunks and changed their clothing for land-togs, and in the greatest haste prepared to go ashore. They were going in the large seine-boat; as they got ready they threw themselves into it, and then spurred up those who lagged behind.

Presently there appeared the steward, with a small bundle and a smaller japanned box. In these two packages were his effects. He approached the rail with hesitation and looked down. It was Daniel at the den. A tumult of roars saluted him.

"Keep off, Dish-rag!"

"Don't ye step a toe into this boat, Old Music!"

"Look at him; he's a-carryin' away his spices. Wot a pity!"

He retreated.

"Get in," said the captain, taking him by the arm.

"Oh, no," answered he, drawing back; "if the gentlemen do not wish me to go, I'll wait till I get another chance."

They went without him, and half an hour later he hailed a passing skiff, and, seating himself in its stern, he left the scene of his discomfort, and was rowed shoreward. There was something unpleasant, to the few of us who remained on the deck, in the manner of his departure. He went without a word and without the least display. When he turned his face toward the land, he kept it there. The shape of his feeble back, his thin neck, his long, small head, and the suggestive drooping of his narrow shoulders, which were protected from the chilling damp only by a thin and faded coat, remain pictured in our eyes to this day, and I doubt if they will ever cry quits with our consciences.

At half-past nine I left the vessel with the captain, and we were set ashore, leaving a watch behind us. Having little to do, I strolled along a water-side street, preferring it to others, as it was lighted, and as I stood a chance of meeting other fishermen, whose gossip would be congenial.

The drinking-saloons were in full blast, and one could hear twanging strains of coarse but lively dance-music from a dozen quarters above and below, and the air was filled with shouts of bacchanalian laughter, and the sound

of shuffling feet on sanded floors. All the windows were illuminated by gas-jets, and about the green doors, which turned on easy springs, were gathered a larger or smaller number of roistering souls, whose ultimate object was intoxication, but whose present occupation was the search for some one who would provide the ecstasy *gratis*.

At ten, nearly all seemed to have discovered a benefactor, for the street was empty, and the bar-rooms were full. A subdued murmur of half-heard songs and shrieks replaced the former uproar, and the "night" had begun on every hand. I had met none of our crew, and had concluded that they had found a retreat early in the evening. What had become of the steward I did not know, but I fancied that he was well on his way homeward.

Having to purchase a box of clay pipes for the vessel, I looked about me for a grocer's shop. I walked half a mile before I saw one. It was small, low-studded, and was situated on the ground-floor of a wooden building of rather mean appearance.

I entered it, and was at once met by a tremendous tumult, which seemed to come from the rear. Its proprietor told me, with a secret smile, that he kept "a room." The front apartment was lighted by a candle, which, however, gave light enough to enable us to perform our business.

Suddenly I recognized the voices of some of our crew. I waited a moment and listened. A child came in and placed a can upon the counter under the notice of the grocer, who took it with an expression of impatience.

"Why didn't you come by daylight?"

I paid no attention to the answer, if, indeed, one was given.

I tried to make out what the debauchees were doing. It was plain that they were drinking, from the jingle of glasses and bottles; but they were roaring at something in common, and now and then a peal of derisive laughter would burst out like a thunder-clap, and make one's ears sing. One of them appeared at the door. It was our seine-master, one of the roughest of the set. He recognized me, even dim as the light was. He turned about to his companions as if struck with a sudden thought, and shouted with excitement:

"I say, here's the passerger; here's the passerger out here!" (I was known mostly as "the passerger") "fetch the swab out, and let the passerger pronounce the sentence on his carkiss. Untie him, and pick him up, and fetch him by the neck."

The response was a greater noise than ever, and half a dozen of our fishermen rushed out and greeted me with cheers, and shook my hand. They were all half inebriated, and were evidently bent on mischief. Then followed a general movement, and in the midst of the crowd I beheld the slender figure and waxen face of the steward, who was held in as many tight grips of the hand as his limbs and clothing would afford.

He was frightened, but he was calm. He even folded his arms, for a second or two, and gave me a look of dignified reproach. His thin lips were tightly closed, his nostrils distended, his thin hair brushed back from his white forehead, and his throat seemed

convulsed with some half-suppressed agitation.

"We ketched him sneakin' along in the street, and we just clapped holt of him, and fetched him in where he'll get wot belongs to him. We're goin' fur to haze him a little, just like wot he's been hazin' of us fur a week gone. He thought he was gettin' off very fine, but—he, he, he! we sot round him, and pushed up the net, and ketched the scul-pin fair and square."

This allusion to their business gave great satisfaction, and a tremendous chorus of laughter broke out again. They drew round their victim, and gloated upon him. He was but a child to them.

"Get us a candle," cried one of the men; "we can't do nuthin' in this light. Bring a light in from the bar."

Two were instantly produced by those in the rear, and were passed to the front all aflame.

All at once a loud scream from the shop-keeper arose above the rest of the hubbub. He was standing with his knees bent and knocking together, with his starting eyes fixed upon the lights directly over his head. In his hand was a filled quart measure, the fluid contents of which were spilling upon the floor in a spattering stream.

I half comprehended the danger; but, before I could move, a fierce glow smote me on the face, and blinded my eyes, while my ears were filled with screams and imprecations. I ran to the door with the crowd, pell-mell, and we hustled into the street. The clothing of two of the men was in a bright flame, and their mates fell upon them, and stripped them in a twinkling. The alarm was given, and the usual scene of excited disorder began in an instant. The shop-door emitted a thick volume of smoke, which grew denser every second. A man seized me by the arm.

"There's three of us missin'. I don't believe but they're in the back shop on the floor, burnin' to death. My God!"

"Where's the steward?" I asked. I had not seen him.

I got a contemptuous oath for an answer. There was no time to be lost before the shop would become impenetrable; and I returned to it with all haste, and crept into it monkey-fashion—that is, on my hands and feet. First, I found the steward. He was crouching beside the camphene-cask from which the shop-keeper had been drawing, and was pressing his thumb over the vent, which did not seem to be provided with a faucet. He was surrounded by a bluish halo of flame, which was licking the floor and the tin waste-pans. His head was down, but his body was rigid, and I found he was watching me with an intense gaze. He motioned toward the back room. I passed him, and presently returned with one of the stupefied sailors, and carried him into the street with some difficulty. Then I returned again. In the interval, matters had changed magically. The flame had become yellow, and the smoke extremely thick. I now lay flat down upon the floor, and proceeded, as a grasshopper walks, by a pulling motion with the arms. It was hardly graceful, but it was a saving expedient. This time the cock was hardly discernible. He was

unmoved; he was still clinging to the vent, still shutting out the flame and shutting in the villanous liquid. His face was full of anguish, and he watched me, as I crawled past him, with a look that would have made me fly had I encountered it elsewhere. The fire had caught his garments, and he was pressing his mouth and nostrils against his right shoulder to prevent inhalation of the flames. He looked like a ghost in the dim smoke; and now his head and now his feet would show as the clouds eddied. I reached the remaining man, and dragged him by the collar. He, too, was in a deadly stupor. My breath grew painful; and there was a portentous stifling in my throat, and a growing weakness in my limbs. For the fourth time I passed the steward. He was a ball of fire, but he had moved; his hands were pinned to the barrel as before, though his sleeves were streaming with fire; but his body was drawn away to the farthest inch. His torture had done this much, but no more. I lost him—I hardly knew how. I was drawn out by the firemen, who also saved my burden; but I was not so far gone in insensibility that I failed to recover when I caught the fresh air again. I stood up, and looked around.

The shop-front was a mass of fire. Within, there seemed to be a furnace. At the top of the door was a furious crater of inky smoke; the flames were blown into spiral swirls; and the sash was dropping to pieces. My heart sunk; I raised a cry to clear the street, for an explosion was sure to come. The people fled; the firemen followed. Then the steward appeared. He reached the doorway, half standing and half stooping. His hair was gone; his eyes were closed; his mouth was set with rigid determination; and his clothing was a glowing cloak.

The burst came while he was crossing the threshold, and it threw out the sash bodily, together with an enormous volume of roaring flame. The figure of the steward came flying like lightning, with its feet hanging and tripping upon the ground; and it fell with a loud splash into a road-side pool at my feet, where the flames, which still lingered about it, were quenched with a loud hissing.

Worthy patriarch! splendid patriarch! adorable patriarch!

I could think of no better means—so I wrote a column of description for the morning paper; and such an impulse did I have, and with such honest force was I animated, that by the time the town had eaten its breakfast the steward's pluck was known in every household. The inhabitants came all the live-long day to give to and inquire for our hero. The fishermen of the fleet in port gave enough out of their small pockets to support him and his family for many a month; and the dozen culprits from our schooner hung about the hospital until they were ordered off, and then they stood at the gates, looking in.

They asked questions of the gardeners, the gate-keepers, the washer-women. How was he now? Could he speak? Would they have to cut off his hands? Was his wife taking on hard?

They saw one of the doctors going in. They advised him. "Put warm spiders-webs all over him; cover him with oil and flour;

feed him with lean, fresh mackerel; keep tar-water handy."

It was not long before two of them (the two that the steward's bravery had permitted me to save) obtained permission to be his nurses; and no mother or sister could surpass the gentleness with which they ministered, for six long weeks, to the many wants of the disabled wreck.

The steward lost his hands and his ears, and his body remained terribly scarred. He is now a Bethel preacher, and with his burns and deformities he points his moral.

ALBERT WEBSTER, JR.

BRESSANT.*

A NOVEL.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A BIT OF INSPIRATION.

BRESSANT was in the habit of spending three hours every afternoon at the Parsonage. Part of this time was passed in the professor's study, pursuing theological lore; for, whatever the young man's ultimate expectations with regard to his career and fortune may have been, it was no part of his plan to allow his future father-in-law to suspect any thing else than what he had already given him to understand.

After lessons were over he joined Sophie on the balcony, walked with her in the garden, or gave her his arm up the hill. Cornelia was seldom to be seen, at least within speaking distance. At the same time she did not keep entirely out of the way. Often, when wandering with her sister through the garden-paths, Bressant would catch a glimpse of her buoyant figure and rich-toned face upon the balcony; or, if himself established there, would presently behold her, in a garden-hat and shortened skirt, raking the fallen leaves off the paths and flower-beds, and, perhaps, trundling them stonily away in a wheelbarrow afterward. It thus happened that, although seldom exchanging a word with her, he was continually receiving fresh reminders of her, in one way or another; and he was moreover haunted by an idea that Cornelia was not unconscious that he was observing her.

Two or three days subsequent to Cornelia's conversation with Sophie on the hill-top, Bressant, on his afternoon way to the Parsonage, met the former coming in the opposite direction. It was nearly at the end of the long level stretch, which was now resplendent with many-colored maples, interspersed at short intervals between the willows. He had been walking swiftly with his eyes on the ground, when, chancing to raise them, he saw Cornelia walking on toward him.

How beautifully she trod, erect, her round chin held in, stepping daintily yet firmly: it seemed as if the earth were an elastic sphere

beneath her feet, she moving tirelessly onward. She had plucked a branch of gorgeous leaves from one of the maples, which she brandished about ever and anon, to keep the flies away. A straw-hat, narrow-brimmed, slanted downward over hair and forehead. Her oval cheeks were more than usually luminous from exercise; her eyes were bright tawny brown, the lids shaped in curves, like the edges of a leaf. The vigorous roundness of her full and perfect figure was hinted here and there through the light drapery of her dress, as she walked forward. The October breeze seemed the sweeter for blowing past her.

"You must be rather late—I don't often meet you!" said she, with a smile which put Bressant traitorously at his ease.

"Early, more than late," responded he, stopping as he saw that she stopped.

"Are you?—well, then—I don't often see you—would you mind walking with me just a little way?" and she touched him lightly on the shoulder with her maple-branch, as with the wand of an enchantress.

He, in obedience rather to the touch than the words, turned about and walked beside her.

"I've a right to a sister's privileges, you know," continued she, slipping her hand beneath his arm, and letting it rest upon it.

How very delightful, as well as simple, to solve the problem of their intercourse on this basis! Bressant did not know how it might feel to have a sister, but he could, at the moment, imagine nothing more delightful than to be Cornelia's brother—unless it were to be Sophie's husband. But to be both!

"Do you know," pursued she, with apparent hesitation, looking up in his face, and then immediately looking down again, "I've had a notion, since coming back from New York, that you don't like me so well as you did?"

This might be either audacity or delicacy, as one chose to take it. Bressant, feeling himself put rather on the defensive, answered hastily and without premeditation:

"I like you more!"

"Oh! I'm so glad to hear you say so!" exclaimed she, warmly, and as she spoke he felt her hand a little more perceptibly on his arm. "It takes such a load off my heart! seeing you and Sophie love one another so much, I couldn't help loving you too, in my way; and it made me so unhappy to think I was disagreeable to you."

Bressant was quite unprepared for all this. Whatever had been his speculations as to the future footing upon which he and Cornelia should stand, it had been nothing like that she was now furnishing. It did not seem at all in the vein which she had opened on the day of her return. He was puzzled: had he been more used to ladies' society he would have mistrusted her sincerity.

"You could never be disagreeable to me!" was his answer; and he looked down at her oval cheek, with his first attempt at fraternal admiration. It turned out badly. She looked unexpectedly up; his glance fell through her tawny eyes, and sank down, burning deliciously, into her heart. She turned pale with the pain and the pleasure; but it was such

* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

pain and pleasure that she sought and wanted more of.

"Well, then! it's all clear between us again—is it?" resumed she, drawing a long breath, which sounded more like the irrepressible outcome of a tumultuous heart, than a sigh of relieved suspense upon the point in question. "No more misunderstandings, or any thing? and you won't get out of the way any more, as if I were poison—will you?"

"I never did!" protested he, laughing awkwardly. In the last few minutes he had developed a sentiment hitherto unknown to him—pique! He had been imagining Cornelia in love with him, and angry at his preference for Sophie; whereas it would now seem that the only reason she cared for him at all, was because he was Sophie's lover; a most correct spirit in her, no doubt; but, instead of being gratified, as was his duty, he felt provoked.

"Oh, yes, you behaved shockingly!" rejoined Cornelia, laughing with him. "Mind! I don't care how devoted you are to Sophie—the more the better; but when you do notice me, I want you to do it kindly—won't you?"

"I'll be sure to, now that I know you care any thing about it."

"And what made you think I didn't care about it, if you please, sir?"

"Why," stammered he, quite at a loss what to say, and so coming out with the truth, "I thought you were offended at my being engaged to Sophie?"

"But what should there be in that to offend me?" demanded Cornelia, with the mouth and eyes of Innocence.

"I don't know—well—I knew you first!" he blurted forth, beginning to wish he had been satisfied to hold his tongue.

Cornelia took her breath once or twice, and then bit it off on her under lip, as if about to say something, and afterward hesitating about it.

"I don't quite understand you," she managed to get out at last; "do you—forgive me if I'm wrong—but perhaps you're thinking of that time—when—just before I went away?"

Saying this, she drooped her eyes in a confusion which, because more than half of it was genuine, made her look very fascinating. Nothing is more seductive than a little truth. As Bressant looked at her, and thought of what he had done at that last interview, soft thrills crept sweetly through his blood, and he felt a most extraordinary tenderness for her.

"I've often thought of it," answered he, in a tone which did not belie his words.

"Well—so have I, to tell the truth!" rejoined Cornelia, looking up for a moment with glowing candor. "But we won't either of us think of it any more, will we? It seems very long ago now; and it'll never be again, and we ought to forget it ever was at all. But, oh, most of all you must forget it, if it will ever be a reason for your disliking me, or wishing not to see me! I know how disagreeable it must be to you to think of it now."

Did Cornelia not know what she was about? had she netted beforehand all the meshes of this web she was throwing over him? the admirable mixture of frankness and subtlety, nature and art—must not it have

been planted and calculated beforehand, to bewilder and mislead?—It may well be doubted. No preconceived and elaborated programme can come up to the inspiration of the moment which is genius. Such felicitous wording of subject-matter so objectionable; such an unassailable presentation of so indefensible a principle—could hardly have been the fruit of premeditation. Cornelia was allowing things to take their course.

"It isn't disagreeable! it's—" Bressant broke off, unable or unprepared to say what it was. "Why must we forget it?" he added, with a half-assured look of significance. "You said we were brother and sister, you know!"

She laughed in his face, at the same time drawing her hand from his arm, and stepping away from him. How tantalizingly lovely she looked!

"It won't do to carry the privileges of relationship too far, my dear sir! at least, not until after you're married. There! go back to your Sophie—I didn't mean to keep you so long—really! No, no!" as he made an offer to approach her; "go! and be quick, I advise you. Good-by!"

Bressant, as he walked on to the Parsonage, was possessed by an undefined conviction that he was learning a great deal not set down in the books. The page of the passions, once thrown open, seems to comprise every thing. The world has but one voice for the man of one idea.

Evidently this man did not comprehend the nature of his position between these two women. Reason told him it was impossible he could love both at once; but there her information stopped. His senses assured him that, with Cornelia, he experienced a vivid rush of emotion, such as Sophie, strongly as he loved her, never awakened in him; but his senses could give him no explanation of the fact. His instinct whispered that he would not have dared, in his most ardent moments, to feel toward Sophie as he invariably felt toward her sister; but no instinct warned him of the danger which this implied. A sturdy principle, if it had not thrown light upon the question, would at least have pointed out to him the true course to adopt; but, unfortunately, principles, and the impulses which they are formed to control, are neither of simultaneous nor proportionate growth. Bressant, while partaking so liberally of emotional food, had quite neglected to provide himself with the necessary and useful correctives to such indulgences. Thus it happened that when he arrived, a little past his usual hour, at the parsonage-door, his mental digestion was in a very disturbed condition.

In palliation of Cornelia's conduct, there is little or nothing to be adduced. Strong forces had been laboring within her during the last few months. Love, disappointment, a passionate nature, a sense of wrong—not least, her New-York experience—had developed, warped, and transformed her. Bressant's homage had been the first, of any value to her, which she had ever received; it had come unasked and unexpected, and had been all the more attractive because there was something not quite regular about it. Being lost, she had felt a fierce necessity for repos-

sessing it, under whatever form, under whatever name. To-day, it was but the turn of the conversation that had suggested the expedient of calling herself his sister.

The very beauty and purity of the fraternal relation cloaks the miserable rottenness of the imitation. So innocent does it seem, it might almost deceive the parties to the deception themselves. "I may love him, for I'm his sister!" said Cornelia; but could she in reality have become his sister, she would, beyond all else, have shrunk from it. "Nothing I do is in itself an impropriety," she could say; but her secret sense and motive were enough to make the most innocent act criminal. She closed her ears to the inner voice; and her eyes, looking at her conduct only through the crimson glass of her desire, pronounced it good.

She walked swiftly, immersed in thought, along the October road, beneath the splendid canopy, and over the gorgeous strewn carpet of the dying trees. She was going to call on Abbie, it having occurred to her that perhaps the kind of information she wanted concerning Bressant might be forthcoming there. Presently, the rapid rise in the road at the end of the level stretch, checked the current of her ideas, and threw them into confusion. Out of the confusion rose, unexpectedly, a thought.

Cornelia stopped in her walk with one foot advanced, her head thrown up, her finger on her chin. She looked like a glorious young sibyl, reading a divine prophecy upon the clouds. After a moment, she waved her autumn banner over her head with a gesture of triumph, and, turning on her heel, began to walk back toward home.

The grandest discoveries are so simple! Cornelia laughed to think how blind she had been—how stupid! What a sense of power and independence was hers now! To turn homeward had been instinctive. So strong was the sense of an end gained—a point settled—that, whatever may have been the actual errand on which she had started, she felt that her work for that day, at least, was done.

She had been planning, and speculating, and worrying, to discover a safe and sure method of separating Bressant and her sister. Peering into the past, for materials, and searching on one side or another for sources of information, she had overlooked all that was best and nearest at hand. What need for her to scrape together a reluctant tale of what had been? for was not the future her own? Why rely for assistance upon this or that suspicious and unsatisfactory witness? What more trustworthy one could she find than herself? Suppose Bressant never to have done any thing that could make him unworthy of Sophie; was that a bar against his doing something in the future?

Yes; she had power over him, and would use it. She herself would be the means and the cause for attaining the end at which she aimed. She would be the accomplice of his indiscretion, and thus obtain over him a double advantage. No matter how intrinsically trifling the indiscretion might be, it would be just such a one as would be sure to weigh heavily in the balance of Sophie's pure

judgment. So plain would this be to Bressant himself, that Cornelia would be able to rule him (as she argued) merely with a threat of accusation. And since his desertion of Sophie would appear to her causeless, the indignation she would feel thereat would save her from repining. Cornelia would have him all to herself!

Well! and what would she do with him when she had him? She did not stop to consider. Nor, going on thus from step to step, did she have a sense of the hideousness of the wrong she contemplated.

CHAPTER XXV.

ANOTHER INTERMISSION.

It was something of a surprise to Bressant, after his interview with Cornelia, that she still continued to avoid him. But after what she had said to him to set his mind at rest regarding the spirit and manner of their intercourse, she felt an intuition that it would be as well he should believe that she herself was not over-anxious to be on any terms with him whatever.

Still, he often saw her and always carried away a charming impression of what he saw. Once, she had mounted a chair in the library, and was in the act of reaching down a book from a high shelf, when he entered unexpectedly. She turned, caught his eye, and dimpled into a mischievous smile. All day he could not drive the picture out of his head; the bounteous, graceful form, the heavy, dark, lustreless hair, the fascinating face, and the smile. He had but just left Sophie; yet the fine chords she had struck in him were drowned in Cornelia's sensuous melody.

Again, one day, coming into the house he chanced to enter the parlor, and there sat Cornelia in an easy-chair, her feet stretched out upon a stool, fast asleep. He came close up to her, and stood looking. What artist could ever have hoped to reproduce the warmth, glow, and richness of color and outline? He watched her, feeling it to be a stolen pleasure, yet a nameless something surging up within him compelled him to remain. In another moment—who can calculate a man's strength and weakness?—he might have stooped to kiss her, with no brother's kiss! But in that moment she awoke, and perhaps surprised his half-formed purpose in his eyes.

She was too clear-headed to regret having awaked, for she saw that he regretted it. And because he did not venture, she being awake, to take the kiss, she knew he was no brother, and knew not what it was to be one. So she put on a look of annoyance, and told him petulantly to go about his business. Off he went, and passed his hour with Sophie, who was as lovely, as fresh, as purely transparent as ever. But some turbid element had been stirred in Bressant's depths, which spoilt his enjoyment for that day, making him moody and silent.

Such little incidents—there were many of them—were far too simple and natural to be the work of deliberation and forethought.

But Cornelia was disposed to use them, when they did occur, to her best possible advantage, and therefore they acquired potency to affect Bressant. She wished that to be, which he had not stamina enough to oppose; thus a subtle bond was established between them, lending a significance to the most ordinary actions, such as could never have been recognized between indifferent persons.

This was all progress for Cornelia, and she well knew it, and yet she was not at ease nor satisfied. She began to find out that it was no such light matter to usurp the place of such a woman as Sophie, though the latter was laboring under the great disadvantage of being ignorant of the plot against her. In most cases, indeed, the attempt would have been wellnigh hopeless, but Cornelia had two exceptionally powerful allies—her own supreme beauty, and Bressant's untrained and ill-regulated animal nature, which he had not yet learned to understand and provide against. And there was another thing in her favor, too, although she knew it not—the demoralizing effect upon the young man's character of his failure to fulfil his agreement with the professor. The evils that are in us link themselves together to drag us down, their essential quality being identical, whatever their particular application.

Nevertheless, time went on, and November had stalked shivering away before the frosty breath of December, and still Cornelia had accomplished nothing definite; nay, she scarcely felt sufficiently sure of her footing to attempt any thing. And what was it that she was to attempt? On looking this question in the face, at close quarters—it wanted less than four weeks now of that wedding-day which Cornelia had promised herself should see no wedding!—when she found herself pressed so peremptorily as this for an answer, it might be imagined that she turned pale at what was before her. And, indeed, the prospect, viewed in its best light, was discouraging and desperate enough. For at what price to herself must success be bought? and at what sacrifice be enjoyed? She must either lose, or deserve to lose, all that a woman ought to hold most sacred and most dear—home, the esteem and love of friends, the protection of truth, and, above all, and worst of all, her own self-respect. All these in exchange for a baffled, angry, selfish man, at whose mercy she would be, with only one word to speak in self-defence and justification; and it was much to be feared that he would, considering the circumstances, reject and scoff at even that. The one word was—she loved him! and if there be any redeeming virtue in it, let her, in Heaven's name, have the benefit thereof. She can rely on nothing else.

But Cornelia would not be disheartened. If she saw the rocks ahead, against whose fatal shoulders she was being swept—if she heard, dinning in her ears, the rush and roar of the headlong, irresistible rapids—if her eyes could penetrate the void which opened darkly beyond—she only nerved herself the more resolutely, her glance was all the firmer, her determination the more unflinching. The peril in which she stood but kindled in her heart a fiery depth of passion, such as over-

topped and tamed the very terrors of her position. Because she must lose the world to gain her end, that end was exalted, in her thought, above a hundred worlds. The faculties of her soul, which, in her time of innocence and indifference, had been dormant—half alive—now sprang at once into an exalted, fierce vitality. The hour of evil found Cornelia a creature of far higher powers, and more vigorous development, than she could ever, under any other conditions, have attained. She showed most gloriously and greatly when illuminated by that lurid light whose flame was fed by all that was most gentle, womanly, and sweet, within her. She looked nearest to a goddess, when she needed but one step to be transformed into a demon.

In following out her psychological progress, we have necessarily outstripped, to some extent, the sober pace of the narrative. It was about the 1st of December that rumors began to be circulated in the village of an approaching ball at Abbie's. It was to be the grandest—the most complete in all its appointments—of any that had ever been given there. It was looked upon, in advance, as the great event of the year. Real, formal invitations were to be sent out, printed on a fold of note-paper, with the blank left for the name, and R. S. V. P.—whatever that might mean—in the lower left-hand corner. There were to be six pieces in the band; dancing was to be from eight to four, instead of from seven to twelve, as heretofore; and the toilets, it was further whispered, were to be exceptionally brilliant and elaborate. Certain it was that dress-making might have been seen in progress through the windows of any farmhouse within ten miles; and at the Parsonage no less than elsewhere.

Sophie had an exquisite taste in costume, though her ideas, if allowed full liberty, were apt to produce something too fanciful and eccentric to be fashionably legitimate. But let a dress once be made up, and happy she whose fortune it was to stand before Sophie and be touched off. Some slight readjustment or addition she would make which no one else could have thought of, but which would transform merely good or pretty into unique and charming. Sophie had the masterly simplicity of genius, but was generally more successful with others than with herself.

As for Cornelia, she knew how she ought to look; but how to effect what she desired was sometimes beyond her ability. She had little faculty for detail, relying on her sister to supplement this deficiency. She was more of a conformist than was Sophie in regard to toilet matters; and—an important virtue not invariable with young ladies—she always could tell when she had on any thing becoming.

One December day, when a broad, pearl-gray sky was powdering the motionless air with misty snow, the sisters sat together at their sewing in what had been known, since his accident, as Bressant's room. There was no stove; but a rustling, tapering fire was living its ardent, yellow, wavering life upon the brick hearth, and four or five logs of birch and elm were reddening and crackling into embers beneath its intangible intensity. It made a grateful contrast to the soft, cold

bank of snow that lay, light and round, upon the outside sill and the slighter ridges that sloped and clung along the narrow foothold of the window-pane frames.

Presently Cornelia got up from the low stool on which she had been sitting, and having slipped on the waist of her new dress, invited Sophie's criticism with a courtesy.

"Dear me, Nellie!" exclaimed she, in gentle consternation, "are you going to wear your corsage so low as that?"

"Yes—why not?" returned Cornelia, with a kind of defiance in her tone; "it's the fashion, you know. Oh! I've seen them lower than that in New York."

"Don't mind me, dear," Sophie replied, fearing she might have given offence. "You know I'd rather see you look well than myself; especially as I may not be here to see you another year." She drew a long breath of happy regret, thinking of what was to follow the next day but one after the ball.

Cornelia, looking into the fire, her pure round chin resting on her bent forefinger, started, as the same thought entered her mind. Was it so near, though—that marriage? or would an eternity elapse ere Bessant and Sophie called one another husband and wife?

"Are you glad the day comes so soon, Sophie?"

"Yes," answered she, with quiet simplicity. "A few weeks ago it frightened me—it seemed so near; but not now. I love him much more than I did—that's one reason. And he loves me more, I think."

"Loves you more! why? what makes you think so?" demanded Cornelia, a frown quivering across her forehead.

"His manner tells me so: he's more subdued and gentle; almost sad, indeed, sometimes. He's lived so much in his mind since we were engaged: I can see it in his face, and hear it in his voice, even. He's not like other men; I never want him to be; he has all that makes other men worth any thing, and still is himself. He has the greatest and the warmest heart that ever was; but when he first came here he had no idea how to use it, nor even what it was for."

"And he's found out now, has he?"

"Yes—especially in the last few weeks. Before, he used sometimes to be violent, almost—to lose command of himself; but he never does now."

"But doesn't he ever tell you that he loves you more than ever?"

"We understand each other," replied Sophie, with a slight touch of reserve, for she thought she was being questioned further than was entirely justifiable. "Nothing he could say would make me feel his love more than I do."

Cornelia smiled to herself with secret derision; she imagined she could give a more plausible reason for her sister's reticence. She took off her "waist" and resumed her place upon the stool.

"What should you do, Sophie, supposing some thing occurred to prevent your marriage?"

"Die an old maid," returned she; not treating the question seriously, but as a piece of Cornelia's wanton idleness.

Cornelia began to laugh, but interrupted herself, half-way, with a sob. She was seized by a fantasy that, if Sophie died an old maid, her sister would have been the cause of it—would be a murderess! The sudden jarring of this idea—tragical enough, even without the ghastly spice of reality that there was about it—against the ludicrous element with which tradition flavors the name of old maid—caught the young woman at unawares, and threw her rudely out of her nervous control. It was a result which could scarcely have happened, had she been less morbidly and unnaturally excited and strained to begin with; as it was, it may have been an outbreak which had long been brewing, and to which Sophie's answer had but given the needful stimulus.

The sob was succeeded by a convulsion of painful laughter, that would go on the more Cornelia tried to stop it. At last, in gasping for breath, the laughter gave way to an outburst of tears and sobs, which seemed, in comparison, to be a relief. But, at the first intermission, the discordant laughter came again; she hid her face in her hands, and made wild efforts to control herself; she slipped from her stool, and flung herself at full length upon the floor. Now, the paroxysms of laughing and crying came together, her body was shaken, strained, and convulsed in every part; she was breathless, flushed, and faint. But it seemed as if nothing short of unconsciousness could bring cessation; the sobs still tore their way out of her bosom, and the laughter came with a terrible wrench that was more agonizing to hear than a groan.

Sophie had never seen Cornelia in hysterics before, and was tortured with alarm and apprehension. She knew not what to do, for every attempt she made to relieve her, seemed only to make her worse.

"Let me call papa—he must be somewhere in the house—he will know what to do!" she said, at last, trembling and white.

"No! no!" cried Cornelia, and the shock of fear lest her father should see her, overcame the grasp of the hysterical paroxysm. She half raised herself on one arm, showing her face, red and disfigured, the veins on the forehead standing out, full and throbbing. "Come back! come back!" for Sophie had her hand on the door.

She returned, in compliance with her sister's demand, and knelt down beside her on the floor. Cornelia let herself fall back, her head resting on Sophie's knee, in a state of complete exhaustion. There she lay, panting heavily; and a clammy pallor gradually took the place of the deeply-stained flush. But the fit was over; by-and-by she sat up, suddenly shunning Sophie's touch, and appearing to shrink even at the sound of her voice. Finally, she rose inertly to her feet, attempting to moisten her dry lips, walked once or twice aimlessly to and fro across the room, and ended by sitting down again upon her stool, and taking up her sewing.

"Are you all well again, dear?" asked Sophie, timidly.

"Better than ever," replied Cornelia, with a short laugh, which had no trace of hysteria about it.

There was, however, a slight but decided change in her manner, which did not pass away—a sort of hardness and impenetrability; and so incorporated into her nature did these traits seem, that one would have supposed they had always been there. Some unpleasant visitors take a surprisingly short time to make themselves at home.

But Sophie, seeing that her sister soon recovered her usual appearance, did not allow herself to be disturbed by any uncalled-for anxieties. Love, at its best, has a tendency to absorb and preoccupy those whom it inspires; if not selfish, it is of necessity self-sufficient and exclusive. Sophie was too completely permeated with her happiness, to admit of being long overshadowed by the ills of those less blessed than herself. Not that she had lost the power to sympathize with misfortune, but the sympathy was apt to be smiling rather than tearful. She was alight with the chaste, translucent, wondering joy of a maiden before her marriage—the delicate, pearl-tinted brightness that pales the stars, before the reddening morning brings on the broader daylight.

She was not of those who, in fair weather, are on the lookout for rain; she believed that God had plenty of sunshine, and was generous of it; and that the possibilities of bliss were unlimited. She was not afraid to be perfectly happy. A little sunny spot, in a valley, which no shadow had crossed all day long, was like her; there seemed to be nothing in her soul that needed shadow to set it right.

Cheerfulness was soon reestablished, therefore, so far as she was concerned; and the remembrance of Cornelia's distracting seizure presently yielded to the throng of light-footed thoughts that were ever knocking for admittance at her heart's door. Once afterward, however, the event was recalled to her memory, by the revelation of its cause. Little that happens in our lives would seem trifling to us, could we but trace it, forward or backward, to the end.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE OPPOSITION OF MARS.

BRILLIANT with ruddy light, among the glittering stars that bestud the sky, may now be seen "the red planet Mars." It is in the constellation Libra, is a conspicuous object in the eastern sky in the evening, and cannot fail to be recognized by its fiery hue and the serene and steady light that distinguishes a planet from a fixed star. It is especially interesting at the present time, from the fact that it will reach its opposition with the sun on the 27th of April. At this time, a line drawn from the centre of the sun will pass through the centres of the earth and Mars. Its whole enlightened surface will be turned toward the earth, and it will be at its least distance from us (fifty million miles), appearing twenty-five times as large as when at its greatest distance (two hundred and forty million miles). The opposition of Mars, occurring once in about two years, gives the most favorable conditions for observation of the planet; and astronomers all over the world will find an interesting object of inves-

tigation in examining its well-known features with telescope and spectroscope, and all the assistance that the progress of scientific knowledge during the last two years has developed.

Beautiful as this planet is to the naked eye, and interesting as it is to watch its rapid progress from star to star among the zodiacal constellations, it is to the telescopic observer that its most wonderful features are revealed. Mars, though the smallest (with the exception of Mercury) of the large planets of the solar system, is the only object in the whole heavens known to present features like our own; for the telescope shows, on our nearest superior neighbor, continents and seas, islands and inlets, snow and ice, in essential particulars corresponding to the physical outlines of the globe on which we live. It is probably the only planet whose surface is really seen—for Mercury and Venus, our interior neighbors, are so protected from the heat of the sun by vaporous envelopes that it is only under the most favorable circumstances that the true surface of the planets can even be faintly seen; and Jupiter and Saturn—the mighty orbs which far transcend our own in size—satellites and rings, are probably in no condition at present to sustain animal life. The moon, too, is destitute of any thing interesting to reward examination. It is a chaotic mass of mountain-ridges, extinct volcanoes, deep caverns and fissures, dreary mountain scenery, and desert plains—a hemisphere of desolation around which no vivifying atmosphere circulates, over whose surface no refreshing waters flow.

It was not until the year 1666 that observations on Mars began to take a tangible form. Cassini then determined roughly the period of its rotation. About the same time large spots were noted on its surface, and drawings of its principal features were made by Dr. Hooke. In 1704, Maraldi improved upon these drawings, and was the first to mark the famous spot which modern astronomers have named the Hour-Glass Sea. As astronomical research advanced, and instruments improved, succeeding astronomers turned their attention to the interesting features of the planet, constructing charts, after careful examination, and including on the list of observers the honored names of Herschel, Mädler, Lockyer, De La Rue, Secchi, and many others. But the views taken by the celebrated Dawes, at various times from 1852 to 1864, are considered superior to any others. Combining the best points in his drawings with those of other observers, we have a Martian map as complete in detail as an outline map of our own globe. Mr. Browning has constructed a Martian globe on which lands, seas, and other physical divisions, are delineated as on a terrestrial globe. These lands and seas are as familiar to astronomers as the continents and oceans of the earth are to geographers. Two charts have also been constructed on which the Martian outlines are represented in the same manner as on the maps of terrestrial hemispheres. The Martian divisions are named for their discoverers; and, as a tribute to the lamented Dawes, his name occurs more frequently than any other.

A brief sketch of the topography of Mars

cannot be uninteresting. An icy cap surrounds each pole, varying in extent according to the progress of the season; and around each of these polar caps extends a polar sea. Four great continents occupy the equatorial regions; between two of them flows the celebrated Hour-Glass Sea; while oceans, straits, and inlets, separate the continents and enclose the islands, much as on the surface of our planet. But, if the correspondence is marked between the two planets, the divergence is no less so. A noticeable feature in Mars is the prevalence of winding inlets and bottle-necked seas. One of these, called Huggins's Inlet, is a long, forked stream, too wide to be compared to a terrestrial river, which extends for three thousand miles from its two-forked commencement to the point where it flows into the sea. There are two seas so closely resembling each other that, if it were not for their enormous dimensions, we might fancy the evidence of artificial construction. There are also two flask-shaped seas, which have the same marked similarity.

On the earth the oceans are three times as extensive as the continents. On Mars the proportion of land and water is about equal, and so strangely mingled that a traveller could visit every part of the planet without leaving the element on which he commenced his journey; or by coasting along oceans, circumnavigating islands, passing through open and bottle-necked seas, and sailing through straits, he could traverse a coast line of thirty thousand miles, always in sight of land, and generally with a view of land on both sides. We can easily see a reason for this labyrinthian arrangement and its adaptation to the necessities of the planet. The most careful examination has failed to detect a satellite; therefore tides must be comparatively unknown, for the effect of the sun in producing them would be almost unappreciable. Since the solar tide depends on the relations which the planet's diameter bears to its distance from the sun, and our solar tides are very small with a diameter of eight thousand miles and a distance from the sun of ninety-one million five hundred thousand miles, it may readily be seen how little influence the sun can exert on the Martian waters when the diameter of the planet is less than five thousand miles and its distance from the sun one hundred and fifty million miles. This arrangement of water in Mars would promote a free circulation by evaporation and downfall, while oceans would become stagnant under such conditions of existence.

Such are some of the physical features of Mars resembling those of our globe, but the parallelism does not end here. Its day is about thirty-seven minutes longer than ours; its inclination to the ecliptic is a little greater, giving nearly the same proportion to the seasons; its revolution round the sun gives it a year not quite twice as long as ours; and its size is much more nearly like our own than that of the greater orbs which are the glory of the system. But it is to the talismanic power of the spectroscope that we are indebted for the certainty of what before had only been probability. Mr. Huggins subjected the planet at its opposition in 1867 to a searching scrutiny by spectrum analysis and by the tele-

scope. He proved that the red color of Mars is not due to an absorptive power in its atmosphere, but to a ruddiness of color of certain ingredients in its soil; that its atmosphere contains gases and vapors like our own; that clouds float through it and make beautiful its evening sunsets and its morning sunrises; and that fierce storms sweep over its surface and obscure the view to telescopic vision.

Astronomers delight to watch the changes around

"The snowy poles of moonless Mars."

In summer the ice-bound circle is reduced to a range within ten degrees of the pole; in winter the circle enlarges to forty-five degrees, and the wide-spread tracts of snowy light cover its surface as in our northern winter. It is true our Martian neighbors have only a quarter of the light and heat which our more favored position bestows upon us, but Tyndall says in his "Radiation of Heat" that a slight increase of certain vapors in the atmosphere would compensate the planet for its increased distance from the vivifying centre.

Science is constantly adding to the close analogy that binds us to the planet Mars. It belongs to the same family; it revolves around the same great centre; its day, its year, its seasons; its atmosphere; its physical features; the elements of its soil; water in the various forms of vapor, fluid, and solid, which forms so important a part in the economy of organized beings—all find their complement there. We need only one link to complete the chain, the evidence of LIFE. It is not too much to hope that in the days to come some simple means will be discovered to show that life is not the sole inheritance of the insignificant member of the planetary world to which we belong. We are on the eve of great discoveries. An instrument which can detect the constituents of sun and stars may be followed, and that at no distant day, by one equally simple which will detect the presence of life in other worlds and systems of worlds. Some Prometheus will arise who will steal the divine flame from the altar, and find some hollow reed in which to conceal the divine afflatus for mortal inspection.

Such are some of the facts in regard to the planet Mars, now a brilliant object in our starlit sky. Nearly two years must pass before the next opposition, or before so favorable a condition for observation will occur. Meantime we may watch its course among the stars, sometimes advancing, sometimes retracing its path, and sometimes standing still as we look upon, yet ever moving forward to the Eye that guides the universe. Reason forbids us to accept as truth any thing which cannot be demonstrated, but imagination wings its flight to a stand-point on the Martian planet, and thus sees the earth dwarfed to a golden star shining in the sky, now as morning, now as evening star, now a slender crescent, now a full-orbed sphere, closely followed by a tiny satellite whose eclipses are an index of Martian longitude, a perception of whose presence is perhaps a test of Martian telescopes. It may be that the rare phenomenon of a transit arrests the eye; a black star followed by a black point crosses the dazzling disk of the

sun. That tiny black circle is our globe, to the myriads of human beings that live their life on its surface, immense in extent, boundless in importance; to the Creator of infinite space, only a star a little larger and brighter than the planet Mars.

EMMA M. CONVERSE.

ST. PETERSBURG AND MOSCOW.

I.

ST. PETERSBURG.

ST. PETERSBURG, the splendid modern metropolis of the empire of the czars, is the youngest among the great cities of Europe. So late as the beginning of the last century, the ground on which the city now stands was only a vast morass, occupied by a few fishermen's huts. Peter the Great, whose natural inclinations drew him toward the sea, founded the city in 1703, by the erection of a fortress on the site of the present citadel. Seven years afterward the Count Golovkin, to please his imperial master, built the first brick house; and the next year the emperor, with his own hand, laid the foundation of a house of the same material. From these small beginnings rose the imperial city of St. Petersburg, which is now one of the handsomest in Europe, and contains a population of about eight hundred thousand persons.

St. Petersburg is seated on the Neva River, near its entrance into the Gulf of Finland. Nothing can surpass the beautiful aspect of the city and its environs when the traveller approaches it by water. After passing the formidable stronghold of Cronstadt, which is distant seventeen miles, with its forests of masts, towers, and forts innumerable, the traveller comes in sight of the magnificent palace of Peterhof, superbly situated in its well-wooded park. After a couple of hours' sail, he arrives in the Neva, passing some majestic buildings, with the golden spires and domes of the city in the background, and he is soon landed on the quay, near the beautiful structure of the Academy of Arts.

The first thing which strikes the traveller after his arrival in St. Petersburg is the width and spaciousness of the streets, as well as the extraordinary regularity with which the houses are built. Three of the principal streets, which meet in a point at the Admiralty, are over two miles in length. The finest of these streets is the Nevskoi Prospect. It is the Broadway of St. Petersburg, the great artery of the city. Nearly four miles in length, and of great width, it is lined on either side with most elegant stores, splendid palaces, and singularly-built churches. The Western tourist cannot but be peculiarly interested in the strange appearance of the vast crowd thronging its sidewalks all day long, in which all the numerous nationalities united under the sceptre of the czar, in their singular costumes, are represented.

Among the great temples erected on this beautiful thoroughfare should be mentioned first the Kazan Cathedral, a truly noble edifice of its kind. Two circular colonnades, similar to those in front of St. Peter's, at Rome, lead to the entrance of the church, which is

adorned with colossal statues. The interior is of dazzling gorgeousness. There are fifty-six marble columns fifty-two feet in height, each one hewn out of a single block of marble. The walls and flooring, all of the same material, and most beautifully polished, are covered with very valuable paintings; but what attracts the eye most is the balustrade, with pillars twenty feet high, in front of the sanctuary, all of which are of solid, highly-polished silver. The statue of our Lady of Kazan is covered with jewels of immense value; and the silver before mentioned was a present from the Cossacks, after the victorious campaigns of 1813-14.

Still more lavishly decorated is St. Isaac's Church, the pride of the St. Petersburgers. It was commenced about a century ago by Catherine II., but it is only in the present emperor's reign that it has become what it is. This beautiful edifice has been erected at an almost fabulous cost. The very foundation consumed upward of a million dollars, and the total cost of the building was eighty million dollars. Like all other churches in St. Petersburg, it is built in the form of a Greek cross, of four equal sides. The pillars at the entrance are sixty feet high, and have a diameter of seven feet, all magnificent, round, and highly-polished granite monoliths from Finland. The cupola, an object of dazzling beauty, is not made of solid gold, as the lower classes of St. Petersburg religiously believe, but it is covered with copper, overlaid with gold, for the gilding of which forty-two measures, or fourteen bushels of ducats, were melted down. The interior of St. Isaac's Church is equally magnificent, and the altar-screen is of immense value. The whole edifice is surmounted by the far-seen golden cross, which, with the cupola, glitters like the sun over a mountain.

Another very fine church is situated within the walls of the citadel—the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul. Its vault is the tomb of the czars, and it contains the coffins of all Russian emperors from Peter the Great down to Nicholas. The present czar, it is said, passes frequently long hours of meditation in this gloomy vault, and the fact that there is but space left for one more sarcophagus cannot but make a sombre impression upon his naturally melancholy temperament.

St. Petersburg is as rich as any European capital in public monuments. Among the noblest of them is an equestrian statue of Peter the Great, in bronze. Catherine II. erected it in 1782, and its colossal proportions, the boldness of its attitude, and its huge pedestal of granite, produce a most striking effect. Last year it was the centre of the great national demonstration of the St. Petersburgers in honor of the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Peter the Great. Almost equally noteworthy is the chaste and beautiful Column of Alexander I.

The grand building of St. Petersburg is the Winter Palace—of itself worth a visit to the Russian metropolis. This gigantic edifice, which was building from 1754 till 1762 for the Empress Elizabeth, surpasses, in size and splendor, all other royal palaces in the world. It is built on the Neva, with a front of seven hundred feet, three stories in height, and

nearly square. It contains two thousand rooms, and is inhabited by upward of seven thousand persons when the emperor is residing in the palace. The Throne-Saloon, or St. George's Hall, surpasses every thing for grandeur and beauty; the empress's reception-room, or Golden Saloon, has its walls entirely covered with gold, and the White Saloon has all its decorations of pure white, relieved only by gold.

Connected with this immense pile is the Hermitage, a most luxurious retreat, built by the great Catherine. It is doubtful if any palace except, perhaps, the Louvre, in Paris, contains as many valuable works of art as the Hermitage. The collection of paintings alone occupies about forty rooms, and fabulous sums have been spent for it. Three or four other rooms are entirely filled with jewelry and precious stones. Other apartments contain the museum of Peter the Great, with all the lathes and tools he used, and various articles of his own manufacture.

Another magnificent building is the Taurida Palace, containing the largest ballroom in the world. It is half a mile in circumference, and on one side of it is the Winter Garden, or conservatory, divided from the ballroom by a row of magnificent marble pillars. When the twenty thousand lights in the chandeliers are burning, the aspect afforded by the whole is truly enchanting.

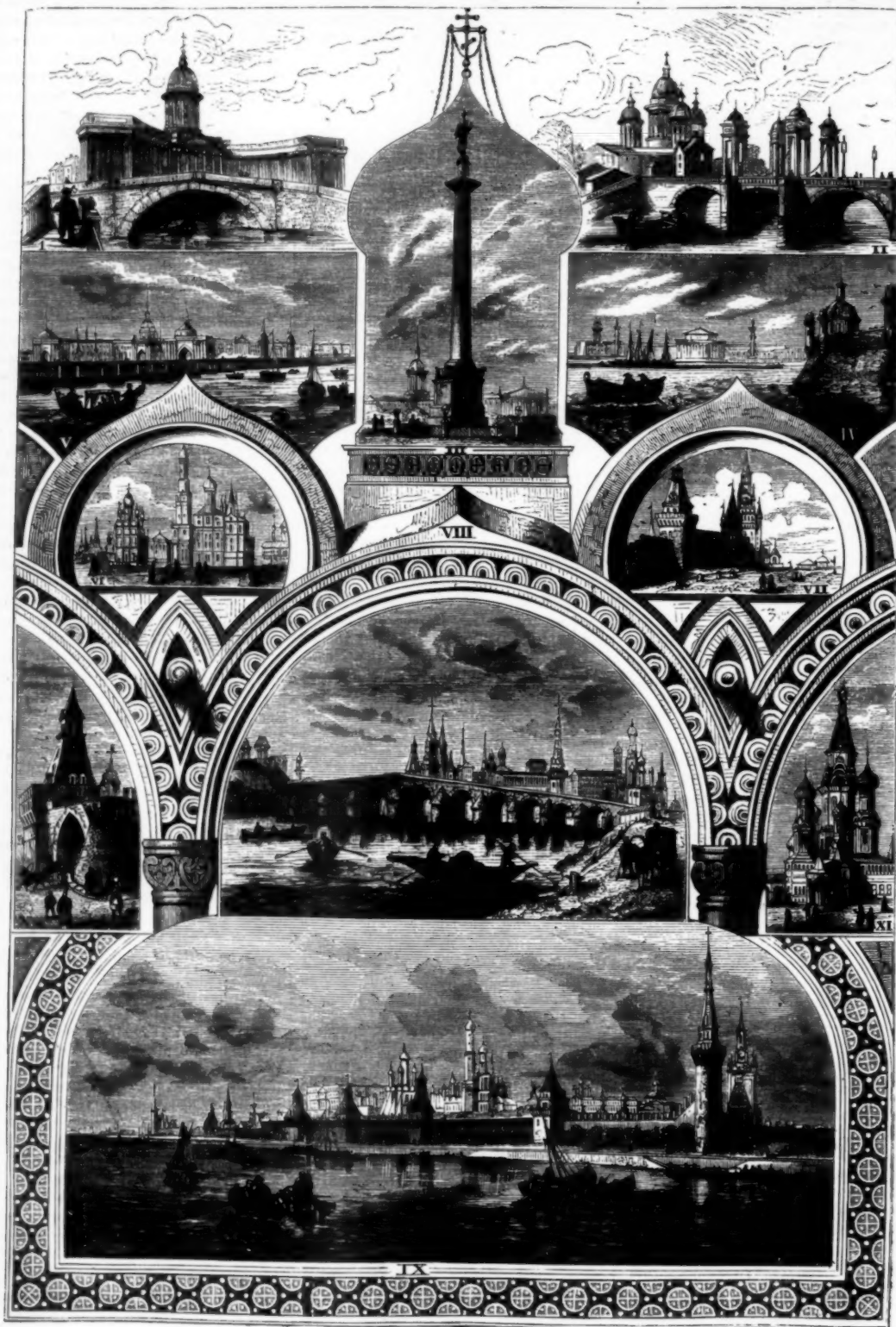
St. Petersburg is, indeed, a city of palaces, and volumes would be required to describe all the costly structures erected by the imperial family, by the nobility, by the government, and the municipality, with their immense treasures of art, science, and literature, and their beautiful and sumptuous decorations. The activity of an immense commerce, the width and neatness of its streets, the majestic river, whose waters are singularly transparent, with its thousands of vessels of all sizes and flags, combine to render St. Petersburg one of the finest cities in the world, and, but for its inclement climate, it would be difficult to find a more attractive place of residence.

II.

MOSCOW.

Moscow, the ancient capital of Russia, is situated in the midst of one of the most productive agricultural districts of the empire, and, when viewed from the summit of the Sparrow Hills, an amphitheatre of low, wooded hills, it presents to the eyes of the spectator a truly enchanting panorama, which Alexander von Humboldt said had made an overpowering impression upon him. At your feet the Moskva River, which divides the city into two unequal parts, winds through beautiful meadows; rising beyond, you see a mingled mass of towers, gilded and painted domes, churches, monasteries, and palaces. The whole, when seen on a sunny day, and under a clear sky, possesses an almost unearthly splendor, from the dazzling whiteness of the buildings, and the glancing brilliance of the gilded church-domes.

The city covers a larger extent of ground than any other European capital except London and, perhaps, Constantinople; and, when the traveller sees the sea of houses on the



ST. PETERSBURG AND MOSCOW.

- I. KAZAN CATHEDRAL, ST. PETERSBURG.
 II. NEVA BRIDGE AND ST. PETER'S CHURCH, ST. PETERSBURG.
 III. COLUMN OF ALEXANDER I., ST. PETERSBURG.

- IV. ON THE NEVA, ST. PETERSBURG.
 V. ON THE NEVA, ST. PETERSBURG.
 VI. CATHEDRAL, MOSCOW.
 VII. WALL OF KREMLIN, MOSCOW.

- VIII. MOSCOW BRIDGE, MOSCOW.
 IX. KREMLIN, MOSCOW.
 X. HOLY GATES, MOSCOW.
 XI. ST. BASIL'S, MOSCOW.

broken and hilly surface before him extending to the horizon, he feels inclined to estimate the population at millions upon millions. And yet it is only about four hundred thousand, and its increase is by no means rapid. It is divided into three distinct circles. The first, or most remote from the centre, is called Zemlianoi Gorod, or Earth City; the second is the Beloi Gorod, or White City; and the third the Kitai Gorod, or Chinese City. In the first of the three live the lower and middle classes. The houses are mostly built of wood, and have gardens in front of them, which gives a singularly attractive appearance to the streets. The Beloi Gorod is the aristocratic quarter, and here can be found hundreds of imposing palaces. The Kitai Gorod, finally, is the business part of the place, and it is also briefly called "Gorod" or city. It is enclosed by an embattled wall, and covers a very extensive space of ground. Its largest portion is occupied by what is termed the Gosteeny-Dvore, an immense mass of buildings divided into rows of shops, warehouses, and storehouses, each row being devoted to the sale of a particular kind of goods, and having the name of the article sold, as, for instance, Knife Row, Linen Row, Silk Row, Plate Row, and the like.

On the southwest of the "Gorod," and separated from it by a large square, called the Crassnaia (Red Square), stands the Kremlin, the ancient fortress of the city. This famous Kremlin, which has so often played a conspicuous part in the history of Russia, is built on the brow of a low hill, at the foot of which flows the Moskva River, and it is surrounded by a high crenellated wall, broken at intervals by towers of various heights. Taken as a whole, the Kremlin is one of the most original, beautiful, and striking objects that can be conceived. Its commanding situation on the banks of the Moskva River; its high and venerable white walls, with its variously-colored towers and steeples; the number and size of its fine buildings, with their painted roofs; the cathedral, churches, monasteries, and belfries; their domes, gilt, tin-plated, or green—the whole presents a grandeur and beauty indescribable, and altogether unique.

Two gates of remarkable architecture lead into the interior of the Kremlin—the Gate of St. Nicholas on the right, and the Holy Gate, or Sposs Vorota on the left. Over the latter gate is the miraculous picture of the Virgin, and no one is allowed to pass it without uncovering his head. Before entering, he will see, to his left, the famous Church of St. Basil. Proceeding through the Sposs Vorota, the visitor finds, on his right, a square in which are the principal churches of Moscow, among them the Cathedral of the Assumption, decked out with gorgeous and extravagant ornaments. In this church the emperors are invested with the ancient crown of the czars. The highest of the steeples of the church is that of Ivan Velek (John the Great), from which a splendid view of the city may be enjoyed. The Imperial Palace, a modern erection, replacing the older one, which, in former times, had been occupied by the czars, and in which Napoleon I. had spent a part of his disastrous sojourn in Moscow, is a fine structure, but seems out of character with

the surroundings. More characteristic and striking edifices are the Treasury, with its wonderful collections, the Arsenal, with its trophy-guns, and the Senate-House.

Street-life in Moscow is exceedingly attractive for the Western traveller on account of the semi-Asiatic appearance of two-thirds of the people seen in the principal thoroughfares. The city is the great centre of Eastern trade, and its merchants are by far wealthier than those of St. Petersburg.

The history of Moscow is that of the czars. It has witnessed within its walls many stirring, memorable, and terrible events—the atrocities of Ivan the Terrible, the wise and mild reign of Ivan the Great, the extirpation of the Strelitz under Peter the Great, and, above all things, the conflagration of 1812, by which more than three-fourths of it were destroyed. But Moscow was rebuilt with wonderful rapidity, and it is now by far a finer city than it was before Napoleon I. entered it after the battle of Borodino.

THE LENGTH OF OCEAN-STEAMERS.

IT would seem hardly necessary to attribute the recent terrible steamship disaster to the fact that the vessel had a length of nearly eleven times its breadth, when other reasons are so plain. The public are, however, interested in knowing whether there is danger in these proportions, and travellers from continent to continent may well be alarmed, if the recent denunciations, on the part of the public press, of steamers constructed in this manner are well-founded. The principles governing the proportions of ships have been established by the naval architect, by careful analysis and patient experimental investigation, and a brief recital may be timely.

Possibly it will be of interest to some to understand how it is that iron, which is between seven and eight times as heavy as the water in which it floats, is not only itself buoyed up, but is able to carry a considerable load in addition. If we place in the water a bar of iron eight feet long, six inches wide, and six inches deep, we know that it will sink at once. But let this bar be rolled into a thin plate sixteen feet long and twelve feet wide, and have an edge turned up all around, forming a box a foot in depth. If it then be placed in the water it will require to be loaded with a weight of nearly eight thousand pounds before its top-edge will sink to the water level. This is because water presses on the bottom of a body immersed in it with a force equal to the weight of the water that the body displaces by its immersion. It is easy to see, then, that with a given weight of material to be used in the construction of a vessel, and a given load to be carried, it is only necessary to spread out the material so as to have sufficient surface for the water to press upon and buoy the vessel up.

But it is not enough that a ship should float. Cases have occurred in which vessels, after being launched, have immediately turned over; they have continued to float, to be sure, but not in a very useful position. Other vessels have left the ways on which they were

built with a permanent list, or presenting the appearance of having rolled without the power of recovery. The ship must have *stability*, or, to be more explicit, it must stand upright, when not acted upon by outside forces, such as wind and waves, and it must be so proportioned that when these forces tend to *heel* it, or throw one side into the water, it shall have the power to right itself. The principles on which the stability of a ship depends have been carefully investigated, and can be expressed by algebraic formulas.* The stability is influenced by the width of the vessel, by the form of the cross-section (or view of the end, if the ship were cut in two at right angles to the keel), at the centre of gravity (or point where the vessel would be balanced on a pivot), by the weight and length. If two vessels were compared, one of which were twice as wide as the other, other things being equal, it would be found that the wider of the two had eight times as much stability as the first, or that it would take eight times more force to "heel" one than the other. This may be expressed generally, by saying that the stability of a vessel varies as the cube of the breadth. The use to which a vessel is to be subjected will have a great influence on the determination of the breadth. A ferry-boat or river-steamer, for example, which can have but a limited draught of water, and is loaded mostly above the deck, with varying weights on either side, is generally made of great breadth. A sailing-vessel, which is to be propelled by the wind acting on the sails with great leverage, requires sufficient stability to counteract this force. An ocean-steamer, depending largely on its engine for propelling force, and carrying but little sail in proportion to its size, with the greater part of the cargo below deck, and with considerable draught of water, can have sufficient stability without great breadth. It is also easy to see that great breadth is far from desirable in an ocean-steamer. If the width is great it will take a considerable disturbing force to "heel" the vessel, and it will right itself with great violence also; or, in other words, will roll very heavily. This can be observed in the case of ferry-boats and river-steamers, which are occasionally subjected to forces causing them to roll. It seems impossible to build a vessel for ocean service that will not roll under certain circumstances; and it is desirable, especially in the case of passenger-steamers, that this rolling motion should be made as easy as possible; and hence great breadth should not be given.

The effect of increased length on the stability of a vessel is to increase it. The law is that the stability of a vessel varies as the

* The algebraic expression for the force in tons with which a ship will tend to right itself after a slight disturbance is—

$$\left(\frac{b^3}{12s} + e \right) p.$$

In which

b = breadth of vessel, in feet.

s = cross-section immersed at centre of gravity, in feet.

e = distance between centre of gravity of ship and centre of gravity of displaced water, in feet, when ship is upright.

p = weight of vessel and cargo, in tons.

a = sine of angle of heel.

length. To illustrate: a vessel precisely like another with which it is to be compared (same breadth, depth, and form of cross-section), except that it is twice as long, will have twice the stability of the first.

We conclude, then, that if the length of an ocean-steamer is to be limited it must be from some other reason than that of insufficient stability.

A vessel is subjected to many and various strains, and must be proportioned with strength sufficient to resist these. The problem is, to build a hollow beam, of given length and breadth and depth, which shall be able to withstand a given force of wind and waves, to sustain a given weight of cargo, and which shall not break to pieces if stranded by a gale. Now, it is well known that there are limits to the possible length of a beam, because the strengthening material continually increases the weight until finally the weight of the beam alone will break it in two. But even without this limitation a point is soon reached, where it is found that the increased weight of vessel, which must be carried, and pays no freight, prevents further lengthening. A remarkable private parliament in England, known as "Lloyds," have published rules for the proportions of parts of vessels, of given ratios of length to breadth. So much confidence is felt in the judgment of this body that the certificate or register given by them is usually the basis upon which insurance of a vessel's hull is effected. Lloyds' rules give proportions for iron vessels *fourteen times as long as they are wide*, and grant a first-class register to all that are built in accordance with these rules, and agree to register vessels with a greater proportion of length to breadth, provided plans are submitted to the committee and approved.

A consideration of the water's resistance to the passage of a vessel will illustrate some of the advantages and limitations of its length. If a square plate of iron is immersed in water and forced along, flat-sided, at a speed of ten knots an hour, it will encounter a resistance of two hundred and eighty-five pounds for each square foot of surface in the plate. If in place of the plate we substitute a cubical box of painted iron of the same cross-section as the plate, under the same circumstances it will encounter one-sixty-eighth additional resistance for every square foot of cross-section, and in that proportion for every addition of length equal to the width. To illustrate: a painted iron box, with a square cross-section six times as long as it is wide, if pushed through the water at a speed of ten knots an hour, must overcome a resistance of about three hundred and ten pounds for each square foot of cross-section; while a similar box, twelve times as long as it is wide, will only encounter a resistance of about three hundred and thirty-five pounds. Now, if a ton of freight could be carried in every foot of length in the box, the effect of doubling the length would be to double the carrying capacity while increasing the resistance to motion only about one-twelfth. It is easy to see that if these conditions obtained in ordinary steamers, there would be scarcely any limit, on this consideration alone, to the length of a vessel. But it would be about

as economical to drive a square-ended box through the water as to open a furrow in the ground with a blunt-ended plough. It is found that by giving proper form to the bow of the vessel, which ploughs out a furrow in the sea, this resistance of two hundred and eighty-five pounds for each square foot of greatest immersed cross-section of the vessel can be very much reduced, and here we shall find a limitation of the length. Suppose this resistance is reduced to thirty pounds per square foot of cross-section. The resistance of the wet surface of the vessel, or *skin-resistance*, as it is called, is sensibly the same for all forms of ships with the same kind of immersed surface, and amounts to about one and four-tenths of a pound for each square foot of wet surface, at a speed of ten knots an hour, and by increase of length we soon reach a point at which this skin-resistance is too great to be overcome with economy. In proportioning a vessel in this respect it is desirable to give it such a form that it shall have the least skin-resistance for the weight of cargo which it is required to carry. This problem can be solved for any assumed form of cross-section, and the solution gives the desired ratio of length to breadth, varying, of course, greatly with different assumptions.

So far there appears to be no danger or disadvantage in a vessel's length in regard to stability, strength, speed, and economy, within the limitations mentioned, and positive advantages are seen to arise from increased length within proper limits. It is now necessary to speak of certain disadvantages in great length, and their modifications. A long vessel does not steer quite so easily and quickly as a short one. But it must be remembered that with the increased size of ocean-steamers there has been an increase of speed likewise, so that the engine-power is more than proportionately greater;* and it is believed that, under ordinary circumstances, long vessels can be "handled" with great ease and rapidity. With sufficient sea-room a steamer can generally run before the wind safely in a gale. There are few, if any, ocean-steamers, long or short, that can be brought around to the wind or held there by the aid of their sails alone; but as long as the engines are efficient there are few steamers that cannot be kept by the wind or brought about in heavy weather. As to the consequences that would ensue should the engines become disabled, as ocean-steamers are now constructed, all, long and short, would have desperate chances against them in a gale.

A long vessel is not so liable to pitch as a short one, from the disproportion between the length of the waves and that of the ship, but, as in the case of great width, which causes very heavy rolling when it does ensue, so the pitching of a long vessel is proportionately violent. In general, the waves, instead of passing under the long vessel and raising it up, break over it, either at bow or stern, ac-

* The horse-power of an engine necessary to propel a vessel at a given speed varies as the cube of the speed. Thus, to increase the speed from ten to twelve knots an hour, the horse-power must be one and seven-tenths times as great. To increase the speed from ten knots to fourteen knots, the horse-power of the engine must be two and seven-tenths as great.

cording to the direction in which the vessel is moving relatively to the waves. This can be prevented, in a measure, by giving the extremities of the vessel such a shape as to divide the waves and make them dash on either side instead of coming on board. It is, however, true that a long vessel is more liable to be washed by head or stern seas than a short one; and this is ordinarily considered the great and prominent disadvantage of increasing the length. It is not, in general, particularly dangerous for a vessel to be boarded, bow or stern, by waves; but it is not pleasant, and rather injures the vessel's character as a comfortable passenger-steamer. Form of hull, especially of the bow, affects this wetness, as well as the length, and experience shows that long vessels can be rendered reasonably dry. There seems little reason to doubt that a vessel more than eleven times as long as wide can be made, by proper form of hull, and sufficient propelling power, quite as seaworthy as one built with these dimensions proportioned as six to one.

In conclusion, it may be added that though at present the traveller has considerable choice in the selection of a steamer for his transatlantic voyage, and can find a wide range in the ratios of length to breadth, a few years will probably show less variety in this respect, if the increasing value of this ratio in the more recent vessels can be taken as any indication of the future of ocean-steamship construction. To many the general adoption of these increased proportions of length to breadth will be no mean argument in favor of their correctness.

RICHARD H. BUEL.

AN APRIL NOON.

ATHWART the turf faint, trembling shadows lie,
And fleecy cloudlets cross the distant sky:
Serenely and tender in its April blue,
Rapt in the golden noontide's deep repose,
The quickening earth, with spring-time beauty glows,
Veiled in a purple mist of softening hue.

From out the pine-lands spicy breezes come,
Laden with many an insect's drowsy hum,
And many a woodland scent of hill and dell,
Wild forest perfumes full of subtle balm,
Lulling the senses in a trance of calm,
Deeper and sweeter than all words can tell.

Waked by the first warm thrill of April's kiss,
Yearning to share the glad world's new-born bliss,
The flowers come forth, all steeped in sunlit grace,
Fair stars of earth, sweet gifts of love divine,
In wildwood haunt and garden close they shine,
Rejoicing in the day-god's dazzling face.

Through trees half clad in April's dainty green,
Bright clouds of blossom, pink and white, are seen
Dotting the fields and orchards far away;
While on the breeze that softly sinks and swells,
The fragrant jasmine flings its elfin bells,
Like golden censers to the golden day.

And filling all the purple noon with song,
Each flowery hedge and feathery bough among,
Nature's sweet sylvan orchestra is heard:

From the clear whistle and the soaring note,
To the low twitter of the full, round throat,
We catch the trill of every woodland bird.

Through the broad land their happy music
rings,
And the light flutter of their eager wings,
Cleaves far and near the soft, caressing air:
Who does not dream their silvery chant of
praise
Mounts up to heaven these lovely April days,
In thanks to God, who made the earth so
fair!

Had we such voice, our yearning hearts might
swell,
In all that song or murmured words could tell,
Of praise, that into grateful rapture flows:
For us the green earth laughs in April guise,
For us are spread the tender, arching skies,
For us has fallen the noontide's bright re-
pose.

CHRISTIAN REID.

PICTURE AND PRICE.

"ON the fence, is not a dignified position," said a friend to me, "and yet there I remained for two years, watching the operations of the woman question. Mixed with extravagant demands and exaggerated assertion, there were truths, and certain of their claims looked just. But"—a significant shrug completed the sentence quite as unmistakably as words.

Many others, as clever and liberal as this lady, have been similarly puzzled. Apply a safe and ancient test to the cause of woman's rights, and the tree, judged by its fruits, is bad. Any true advance that has been made by the sex, you will find has been really the result of those laws that reward courage, self-devotion, study, adherence to the truth, conscientious endeavor, any patient attempt at well-doing: not at all to fierce invectives, and bitterly-urged demands for political and social power. While the direct individual tendency of these doctrines seems to be the gradual but sure disintegration of what is modest, humble, and gentle in its advocates; if the grain of the woman's character be too fine and firm for that, and she is only made over into rather an ungentelemanly and prejudiced man, we are bound to rejoice and give thanks that no worse harm has been wrought. No doubt here somebody will indignantly cite what George Eliot calls "the usual lumbering exception, the individual instances to the contrary." Gladly and heartily I admit the truth of these instances. Would that it were not necessary to add, the exceptions prove the rule!

On the other side, some of the claims are just, and many of the quoted wrongs are real, and it does look puzzling and contradictory, that the espousal of the cause of the oppressed and of human progress should prove demoralizing. But puzzle and contradiction exist only in the infirmities of the human mind, not in the laws under which we exist. And when effects are actual and abundant, that look like flagrant injustice, and there is still a doubt and evident mistake in connection with them, the mistake lies, at least in this case I think, in the causes assigned. Men are blamed when a great law is respon-

sible. And what is called injustice is, in reality, exact justice, stony, remorseless, untempered with mercy, of the sort that we get from Nature when we break her laws.

For example: a few weeks ago, standing on the deck of one of our ferry-boats, I observed a husband and wife. The husband was of the bull-dog order, heavy-lipped, thick-featured, scowling; he looked as though his very blood was black and ran thick in his veins. His wife was of the spaniel order, timid, cowering, fawning, irresolute. If ever a man's manner said—"You are my chattel. If I wink, you will obey. You will do as I say, even if it is only a question whether you will breathe the fresh salt air here outside, or the rank effluvia within. I feel for you. Preferences and opinions are my prerogative"—why, that was what that man's manner said to me. If ever a woman's manner declared—"If you will let me, I will fawn on you. If you snub or beat me, I will crouch on one side, till I may come and fawn again, I am so very dreadfully afraid of you"—why, that was what she answered. It was a sight to make a woman wince, and a man worth the name drive his hands very deep into his pockets and clinch them there, lest he should be tempted to use them in some other way: a theme for a woman's-rights lecture; an argument, on the face of it, a good one for the "strong-minded," energetically demanding votes and liberty, and sympathizing with every woman in trouble, because she is a woman, no matter how she got into the trouble. But is there really any balm for such a case in any statute that could possibly be framed? Let Congress pass the law tomorrow, making men financially and socially equal, and let it be observed to the letter. In ten years from that date, would men be equal? How would the improvident man compare with the thrifty? the dreamer with his shrewd, forecasting neighbor? the coward with the hero? the genius with him of average stupidity? the conservative with the iconoclast? Would the law or Nature triumph? In the same way, let Congress decree that husband and wife shall enjoy equal rights and equal responsibilities, for one cannot be had without the other in the eye of the law, and say the decree was enforced. As matters now stand, about as many wives rule husbands with absolute sway, as husbands are found that rule absolutely. As matters would then stand, would the law really take to itself that searching and penetrating power it now lacks, and change the inherent qualities of a brute and a coward, a strong and a weak nature, by the mere application of its provisions? What could it accomplish in the case just quoted? The man of the ferry-boat scene was a mean despot, but it was not his despotism that made his wife not a woman but a spaniel; and what could an act of Legislature do toward changing her nature? Say she had been a woman, as soft, gentle, and loving, as you please, the more so, the better, and respected herself in her heart, stood pure and firm and true within herself, united to such a man she must have been unhappy, but she need not have been despised. The most brutal nature recognizes all unconsciously, the strength of inward self-

respect and purity, and gives it at least a coarse and grudging reverence. But this unfortunate woman invited contempt by deserving it. She would have found a tyrant, if not in her husband, in her mother, her sister, her next-door neighbor. She was a slave at heart—the truth, and the love of it, had not set her free. Education and training might lead her up to the stature of true womanliness, no doubt could; but, just as she was, her husband's contempt was so hearty and genuine, because she earned it. She needed appreciation of the latent womanliness within her and encouragement, and that was not to be expected from a brute. But she was getting exact justice, cruel as it sounds to say it. Justice is what was claimed. She was well clothed, probably well fed, and probably not beaten. The rest was due to her mental and moral peculiarities. The justice coming from a brute was coarsely and harshly expressed. But a gentleman similarly placed would find her out, feel for her a kindlier contempt, but still contempt, and, carefully repressing every outward demonstration of it in look and word, would express it in spite of him, and perhaps hating himself for it, in every action that concerned her. There are wife-beaters, poisoners, murderers, married fools, and lunatics, exceptions again to the rule; but the average man will instinctively do justice to the character of the woman with whom he deals, though not always in words. Most misappreciated men and women are only too exactly appreciated, however they may rebel against the verdict. The case of the wife, sister, daughter, who is lightly esteemed and made of small account, is almost without exception a just one. The cause is within herself. The practical verdict rendered is due to an instinct as accurate and subtle as that of the magnetic needle. There is a subtle sense at work in all our dealings with our neighbors, spite of prejudice, mistaken judgments, and imperfect conclusions; a moral chemistry, as constant, common, imperceptible, and inevitable, as that of the air. And, however he may deny the fact in words, a man is influenced by the judgment of that woman whose judgment is worth taking; and, however he may swear to the contrary, if he loves a fool, he is, after a while, as wide awake to the fact that she is a fool as the rest of the world. Accuse, if you will, the intolerance, blindness, tyranny, selfishness, temper, perversity, duplicity of those around you. Grant it all. In spite of it all, you will gravitate into your rightful place, in obedience to such a moral law as that physical law by which water, in spite of obstacles, finds its level. Only in your relations with men, if there is any question of unfairness, you start with the advantage on your side, because of an obstinate prejudice in the heart of men, which it seems as if nothing could destroy, in favor of women. Remember the men of California, crowding about the poor sickly wife of an immigrant, heaping her lap with gold, just to touch her calico dress, and listen to the sound of her voice, and thinking the privilege cheaply bought. You start with all that instinct in your favor. The old dream about a woman's goodness, not the petrified goodness that observes certain days,

and pulls away its skirts from the touch of a sinner, but that goodness that is pure, loving, and charitable—*I say this fair ideal is never quite effaced from any man's heart.* If you have not made it good, or availed yourself of your advantages, it must have been unconsciously. No one throws away empire willingly. But, all the same, it is you who have done it; and, if you are a slave because your husband is a tyrant, he is none the less a tyrant because you are a slave. Useless to appeal to legislatures and public opinion. Sympathy and consideration you deserve, but your only help is within yourself. Be what you would be acknowledged, and you will get the treatment due to that character, whatever it is. You reply, you are no exceptional case, you are an average woman. The slight of which you complain is that put upon the majority of women. But the average nineteenth-century women are not equal, are they, to the nineteenth-century men? The man keeps pace with the age. She thinks nothing about it. His education is daily given by the press and events; his life calls many faculties into action, and from month to month his character rounds out more fully. His wife forgets the little she learned at school, contents herself with one strong feeling—love (generally she takes that weakened)—and with three topics, the servants, dress, and her neighbors. Her other faculties, perceptions, and sympathies, shrivel from inaction. How does this one-sided character, developed only in the affections, barren on the reasoning side, urged by impulse, possessing intellectual and political sympathies only in the germ, compare with one, however faulty, in which all these faculties and perceptions have a tolerably proportionate growth? Is the first character equal to the second? and, if not, can votes, rights, public sympathy, any thing but growth within yourself, make it so?

It is not so easy to talk coldly and of justice alone for working-women, worn teachers, pallid sewing-women, half-starved girls, forced into a treadmill round, with no widening vista of hope and upward progress before them. No words are sad enough, no tongue eloquent enough, no pen has power enough to make the world realize the bitter anguish of these desolate lives. No wonder that men and women, looking on in pity and horror, should be struck with that apparent injustice that makes women's work a synonyme for martyrdom, and should attack the evil with hearty and righteous indignation! But is the real cause of all this misery injustice? Does it lie in the unutterable rapacity and cruelty of bad men? How is it, then, that women have the monopoly of these employers? If pure selfishness and rapacity are so strong, how is it that male employés live and flourish? A workman has more muscle, and could knock his employer down, while a woman is debarred from that method of redress. But does he? He grumbles vigorously; but how often do we hear, in the year, of a workman who assaulted his master? He holds his own, and gets tolerably fair wages and decent treatment, plainly by virtue of some other qualities than brute force—qualities that are so valuable to the employer that he cannot dispense with them. If women, as some claim,

possess those qualities equally, why do they not achieve the same results? The skilled workman tells me he can always find work, whatever happens to the incompetent man. What should hinder the skilled work-woman? Men who, by nature, are kindly inclined toward women, surely will not refuse just what they want because a woman offers it; but as surely it is as impossible for them to accept work that is valueless to them, or pay for it more than it is worth, only because a woman offers it. Women coming into the business world must be guided by business rules. She is everywhere offering labor, and in starving need of the acceptance of the offer. But what kind of labor is it? Not skilled labor. Begin with the daughters of Poverty, born and bred in some tenement-house. If they or their children are ever to wear a garment, it is they who must shape and sew it. If they are to eat a meal, it is they who must cook it. Can they sew and cook? Ask those benevolent ladies who spend two or three afternoons in a week teaching mothers thirty, forty, fifty years old to sew seams and hems that any girl of twelve might do; or the house-keeper, who has just engaged a servant who can neither make a bed, nor a loaf of bread, nor even sweep a room. Of how much value in the business world are such women, whose thinking powers are even more untrained than their hands?

Go higher! Take the genteel woman, who has received an education (?), and is now thrown on her own resources. She has forgotten a little German, history, and music. For years her interests have centred in the doings of the block, the prayer-meeting, the children, and the preserves—all excellent; but what is she worth in a business world full of clever men, each man working hard all his life at some one branch of a trade or profession by which he lives? She is jostled and passed by, as are ill-taught, incompetent men every day of their lives, only she is so tender, so little accustomed to such usage, the spectacle is more pitiful. It is dreadful, lamentable! but can society afford to pay her for knowing little in the beginning, forgetting it all, and being of no business value to anybody? Give her a vote—would that make it possible for men to pay her the wages of skilled labor?

Here are thousands of young ladies, school-teachers and music-teachers, obliged to support themselves, or help out a narrow income; and the school-teacher receives generally a salary one-third less than her male associate, while the music-teacher seldom ventures to demand more than half the money expected by her male rival; and, in a large number of individual instances, this rule established by common consent is abominably unjust; yet it is the legitimate result of the incompetence of the many among whom they are unfortunate enough to be numbered. The majority of lady teachers are inferior in system, mental training, and the power of enforcing discipline, and these are the qualities valuable in a teacher. The majority of female music-teachers let loose on their suffering country ought to be prohibited by law from teaching at all till they have themselves learned something about music. To them, as a class, jus-

tice is already done. Can orators declaim, and Congress legislate, them into an amount of executive ability that will command the money they need? If not, it only remains for individuals to rebel against the personal injustice done to them where they can, and to try and raise their class by legitimate methods. Miss Dickinson is said to have declared that, if a man were offered two hundred dollars for performing certain work, and she were offered one hundred and ninety-nine dollars and ninety-nine cents for the same work, she would decline. And she was quite right. There were capabilities within her that could back such a declaration. She was able to give the worth of the money that she demanded. But fancy Miss Niminy Piminy planting her little foot where Miss Dickinson planted her little foot, and making the same declaration. Will anybody mind very much? Will lyceums offer her a cent the more, or treat her otherwise than they treat Mr. De-gustibus, whose audience regularly deserts him after the first half-hour?

"Never let the price command the picture," counsels Ruskin, "and the picture will one day command the price." Truer words were never spoken, and they are true for women as well as men. But, if the picture is not worth the price, or any price at all, is it the injustice of men, and the fault of the laws, or your own incompetency, that is to blame? And where lies the remedy? In savage tirades, general man-hating, legislation, and votes; or in yourself, with the help of hard work, a high standard, and persistent effort?

LOUISE E. FURNISS.

MISCELLANY.

Selections from New Books and Foreign Journals.

LIFE AMONG THE COLYMBIANS.

"**C**OLYMBIA" is the latest of several recent English books (the reader will recall "Coming Race," "Erewhon," and "Another World") devoted to the portrayal of imaginary peoples, and, under cover of this design, satirizing conditions on this earth, or depicting Utopian existences where it is understood how to manage things. "Colymbia" is mainly, however, satirical; the author, with a range of sarcasm from which nothing escapes, aims his ridicule at our habits of thought and life, and even some of our most cherished institutions. The story is as follows: De Courcy Smith, son of a clergyman, and educated in the school of strictest Toryism, goes out to Australia to seek his fortune. In his voyage thither the ship is wrecked, and he alone escapes with his life. The winds and waves carry him to a reef-enclosed island, where he is kindly received by a race of mermen, who gradually fit him for the enjoyment of a subaqueous existence. How they themselves acquired their amphibious powers is not, indeed, a matter of history, but the pundits are inclined to think that it may be explained by the laws of development and "survival of the fittest." In Colymbia it is considered highly probable that an ani-

mal allied to the seal tribe was a not very remote progenitor of the human race, and some of their philosophers pretend, from the presence in man of certain rudimentary parts, to trace their origin to a fish, or, still further back, to a mollusk. The climate upon the island becoming in course of time very detrimental to human life, aquatic habits became indispensable to existence, and thus the love of life assisted in redeveloping unused organs, and natural selection caused the gradual extinction of those who were unfit for subaqueous existence. Of course, mechanical science has counteracted some of the difficulties arising from the substitution of water for air. Supplies of fresh air are laid on to all dwellings, and lighting by means of electricity is universal—in short, life below water is made so extremely pleasant that no one would care to exchange it for the duller life on shore. We copy a few paragraphs from this amusing volume:

THE COLYMBIANS.—INTRODUCTION TO THE HABITANTS.

"In the well-clad beauties of our northern latitudes, their garments serve more to conceal than to display their shape; their arms are seldom moved from their sides, and the motions of their legs are carefully hidden beneath their flowing robes. But here all this was altered. No tight straps, stiff stays, or cumbersome garments interfered with the free action of the limbs and bodies of the fair denizens of this crystal abode.

"The graceful movements of their limbs, and the lithe suppleness of their bodies, gave to them a mode of progression so utterly different from, and so immeasurably superior in elegance to, the mincing gait of our high-heeled and tight-laced damsels at home, that they seemed beings of another and much superior race. Their limbs and bodies were beautifully moulded, exquisitely round and smooth, and their skin looked dazzlingly white in the blue-tinted water. One would have said they were made of flexible marble. The beauty of their feet especially struck me. No shoe or boot had ever compressed the toes or distorted the ankles.

"And then the ordinary movements were full of an uncommon grace, that was the very poetry of motion. The body, being of the same specific gravity as the medium in which it was suspended, was not subject to the laws of gravitation, and no force had to be expended in supporting the weight of, or lifting the body, as must be done at every step and every movement we perform in air. Movement in this sustaining fluid is a delight, and every attitude a model of voluptuous grace.

"I could not take my eyes off the figures who accompanied us in our progress. Without apparent effort, they glided onward, above, below, and on either hand; now on their front, now on their back, sideways, or darting perpendicularly upward and downward.

"Every movement seemed to be natural, thoroughly unaffected and effortless. Sometimes only the arms were moved, sometimes only the legs, and sometimes a scarcely perceptible motion of a hand or a foot sufficed to give the needful impulse. Usually, their movements were languid and slow, but they could at will dart quickly in any direction they chose.

"The dress of the ladies differs but slightly from that of the gentlemen. The trousers are fuller, generally of brighter colors, and ornamented with embroidery, ribbons, and often with gold lace and pearls. The hair is generally arranged in large plaits, twisted round the head or gathered into a sort of coronet on the top. But some wear their hair of moderate length hanging down the back, with a

fillet to keep it smooth round the head, and to me this appeared the most elegant mode of dressing the hair under water.

"Of course, both men and women wear the weight-belt to counteract their natural buoyancy. The ladies' girdles are always highly ornamented, the weights being generally in the form of numerous polished pieces of metal of all shapes, suspended by short chains from the girdle. The men's belts are more substantially made, and the weights can be increased or diminished at pleasure to suit the varying requirements of the wearer. It is desirable that the specific gravity should be sometimes greater, sometimes less, than that of water, and these alterations are easily effected.

"The small party who accompanied me circled and gyrated around me in graceful curves until they brought me to the house assigned me for my residence.

"The houses of Colymbia are of various sizes and various degrees of architectural beauty. One principle governs the construction of all. Whether the house consists of one or several rooms, of one or several stories, each room is fitted up with the view of allowing it to be used as a place of rest or repose.

"Now, as the specific gravity of the body is considerably less than that of water, and, as the weight-belts are generally removed during repose, the body has a tendency to ascend. Hence the floors of the room in the private houses in Colymbia are where the ceiling is with us, and the Colymbians sit down to rest or work, and lie down to sleep at the top of the room.

"The top of the room is grown over with living sponges so as to form a soft elastic bed or couch, the contact of which is very pleasant to the body. But, as the slightest pressure against the couch of sponge would suffice to displace the body, straps, hoops or hooks are everywhere attached to the spongy bed, which can be readily fastened across the body or through which one or more limbs may be thrust, so as to retain the body on one spot.

"The mouths of breathing-tubes are very freely distributed over every part of the interior of the house, and, in addition, each room contains a sort of dome in its centre, which serves as a reservoir for pure fresh air that is kept constantly circulating through it. By this arrangement, the inmates can at any time bring their heads into the air for the purpose of respiration, in case breathing through the tubes should be difficult or impossible from any cause, either in the tubes themselves or the person using them. But these air-reservoirs are most frequently used for conversational purposes. People get tired of the telegraphic language, and long to indulge in a good chat with their tongues; so, in place of going up above the water's surface, they can bring their faces into the air-tank, and chatter away at their ease."

METHOD OF ILLUMINATION.

"When the sun shines in full meridian splendor, the light at the bottom of the water is never overpowering, and no shades or screens are required to ward off his rays. And when he is low on the horizon his brilliancy is very much subdued. At sunset darkness sets in with great rapidity, and starlight, or even moonlight, scarcely affords any illumination. But the ingenuity of the Colymbians and their great acquirements in chemical science had, at an early stage of their existence as a nation, enabled them to illuminate the depths of their aqueous tenebment in a very perfect manner.

"This illumination is effected by means of electricity or galvanism. Wires are laid in every direction. Every house has its wires for illumination, and all the open spaces between the houses are well furnished with electric lamps. These lamps are globes of dead white glass, in which the charcoal-points are

fixed. As soon as the sun sinks so low as to render the depths of the water obscure, the lamps are all lighted at the same moment by connecting the wires with the great electric apparatus on shore, and the whole subaqueous space is immediately illuminated as bright as day. The effect of the thousands of lamps hung in every direction is extremely beautiful. Every nook and cranny of the vast space glows with a marvellous brilliancy. The dazzling white of the coral-branches looks like burnished silver, and the elegant forms and exquisite tints of the many sea-plants produce a series of the most charming pictures the imagination can conceive. The exquisite forms and graceful movements of the men and women, youths and maidens, darting or gliding rapidly or slowly hither and thither among the natural grottos and artificial habitations of these watery depths, as their occupations or amusements require, form a scene more lovely than a poet's dream."

AMUSEMENTS.

"The Colymbians devote a considerable portion of their time to amusement. One of their favorite pastimes is what they call 'gyrating,' equivalent to our dancing, though very different in appearance. It is practised in large buildings or halls constructed for the purpose. The amusement is extremely fascinating, and I gladly availed myself of all the invitations I received to join in it. A committee or council of ladies and gentlemen preside over the arrangements of these festal meetings, and determine who shall be invited to them and who excluded. Their decisions on all matters connected with balls are unhesitatingly submitted to. These assemblies only take place by artificial light.

"Imagine a vast coral grotto profusely decorated with flowers and plants of the most brilliant colors, and numerous lamps tastefully interspersed, so as to show off the graceful flowers and leaves to the greatest advantage. The flowers are not all sea-flowers; the most exquisite land-flowers are also used for the decoration of the hall. These are preserved in all their freshness under water for a considerable time by being dipped in a kind of transparent varnish, which protects them from the water. Bouquets and garlands of these are largely distributed over the walls of the hall, and many of the young ladies wear a few of the bright blossoms in their hair and about their persons.

"The upper part of the hall is a smooth surface of softest and whitest sponges, where those not engaged in the dance recline luxuriously, and amuse themselves by playing at some games or by looking on at the performances of the gyrators.

"They have various descriptions of dances—as I must call them for want of a better name. Sometimes a number of couples execute a regular figure, reminding me of our quadrilles at home, though very different. A large central space being cleared, a young man darts out from one side of the hall, and is met by a lady from the opposite side. Touching hands, they whirl round one another several times, then dart back to their original position. Sometimes one, sometimes many couples do this at once; sometimes all the performers mingle together, and gyrate round one another promiscuously; then suddenly all dart back to their respective places, soon to recommence with a new figure. In all their evolutions, the performers keep time to the music, which is distinctly heard in the most distant parts of the hall. This dance, with the graceful movements and attitudes of the performers, is like nothing I had ever seen before. It sometimes reminded me a little of the figures executed by good skaters on the ice, but on the whole I think it more nearly resembles the mazy evolutions performed by flies round a tassel on a summer morning."

A COLYMBIAN'S NOTIONS OF ENGLISH LADIES.

"As my intimacy with Julian and his family increased, I was thrown a good deal into the company of his lovely sister, Lily. I was much charmed with her intelligence and winning ways. She was very curious about the manners of the ladies of England, and used to put to me the most embarrassing questions concerning them.

"She could not understand the dresses of our ladies, with the external appearance of which she was well acquainted from the illustrated English works that frequently came into her hands.

"If the ladies of your country," she would say, 'have to dress themselves in those complicated robes, and change their costume several times a day, in addition to arranging and rearranging their elaborate constructions of false hair, how can they possibly have time to do any thing else?'

"I replied that, in fact, many of them did little else, whereupon she expressed her wonder that they could be so enslaved to an occupation that, after all, was of no benefit, but only did harm to themselves.

"I explained that it was by their elaborate costumes that many of our ladies endeavored to obtain admiration, more than by the qualities of their minds or by the agility of their bodies. Female dress, I observed, was considered usually as a means to an end, that end being the attraction of the opposite sex, with the view of forming matrimonial alliances.

"How dreadful!" exclaimed Lily, 'I am sure I could not bear to be swathed in those terrible garments with their tight bands, pins, and hooks-and-eyes. And then the stays they wear under them—do tell me what they are like.'

"I described as well as I was able these stiff constructions which ladies wear for the support of their backs, and for the production of what they consider a fine figure. As I cannot boast of any intimate acquaintance with these articles of dress, it is highly probable that my description did not quite do them justice, for Lily burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"What!" she exclaimed, as soon as her merriment had subsided, 'do they actually wear a machine stiffened with whalebone and steel, and laced so tight they can hardly breathe in it, much less bend their bodies about in a natural way? They must reduce themselves to the condition of our poor turtles, who cannot, for the life of them, bend their backbone either forward or backward. Do tell Julian all about those stays; he will certainly conclude them to be a striking instance of what he calls 'atavism,' and affirm this to be a proof that your terrestrials are descended from tortoises or crabs! How I pity those poor English ladies encased in their carapace of bone and steel! Why, no English lady could move about so!'

"With that she threw herself backward, and executed a succession of the most graceful and ravishing circles in the water.

"No," I said, 'certainly no English lady could do that, but they have no need to do it; and, indeed, it would be dangerous to attempt it, for you must remember that they live in air, and move about on land, and not in the water like you.'

"Ah!" she said, 'how I commiserate them, condemned to inhabit such a medium as air! I know, when I have ventured on shore, the mere weight of my own body nearly bore me to the ground, and, though my limbs were in perfect freedom, I could hardly keep myself erect or walk along without a painful sense of fatigue. What must it be for those poor creatures with that mass of clothes to weigh them down, with that top-heavy looking head-dress to overbalance them, and with that inflexible corset to embarrass their move-

ments? Surely, that very unnatural mode of life must make them very often ill.'

"I admitted that there was a great deal of delicacy among my fair countrywomen, and that much of it might be owing to the faulty character of their attire.

"Why, then, do they wear clothes at all?" said my pretty companion; 'surely they have less need to wear them than we have, as the weight of every thing is so much greater in air than in water.'

"I explained, as well as I could without giving offence, that it would be considered indelicate in ladies to go about in England so scantily clad as she was.

"Indelicate!" she exclaimed; 'why, I should think the indelicacy consisted in making themselves larger in some places than they ought to be by padding, and smaller in others than they really are by tight-lacing, in supplying a deficient complexion by rouge, in increasing the height at one end by enormous erections of false hair, and, at the other, by those preposterous high heels which nearly upset the wearers on their noses. Besides, I think you must be hoaxing me when you talk of the indelicacy of my costume, for I have read descriptions of theatrical performances in your country and seen illustrations of them in your papers, where the young ladies on the stage were scarcely more clad than we are, and yet the performances were said to be attended by the highest and noblest of the land, both ladies and gentlemen.'

"I confess this was a home-thrust I found some difficulty in parrying, but I tried to get out of it by saying that people expected to see on the stage the very opposite to what would be approved of in private life.

"This explanation did not satisfy my fair questioner, nor was I altogether satisfied with it myself. She perceived my embarrassment, and, with fine feminine tact, immediately changed the subject of conversation.

"What I think I would like best in your terrestrial life, would be to go up in a balloon. When sailing about in the air, ascending or descending at pleasure, one would feel one's self emancipated for the time from those everlasting laws of gravitation which keep you plodding about on the dirty earth. In a balloon, you must experience some of our sensations in the clear water that buoys us up.'

"I explained that the temperature fell rapidly as we mounted, so we had to encumber ourselves with a still greater load of garments than we required down on earth.

"She shrugged her white shoulders at this, and made a pretty mouth indicative of dislike.

"After all, then," she said, 'there is nothing like the water for comfort and pleasure.'

MARRIAGE AND CHILDREN.

"How can you love a girl until you know how she will suit you morally? We all know exactly what the lovely creatures are like physically, but it is not the mere physique we can love; you might as well say you love a picture or a statue. It is the mental disposition we love, and that we can never discover until we marry and begin to live together. A man may show the most amiable manners in public; he may be obliging, good-humored, witty, and in every way agreeable in society; but look at him in the privacy of domestic life: he may there prove harsh, arrogant, exacting, in short every thing that is detestable. Our people have no concealments to make with regard to their physical qualities; but all are deceivers, consciously or unconsciously, with regard to their moral constitution. This is a fact so generally recognized here, that no attempt is made to ascertain the moral adaptedness of couples till after they are married. If they then find themselves unsympathetic and morally unsuited to one another, we should consider it highly immoral that they should continue to live together. Our bodies are held

to be so secondary in importance to our minds, that we never give them a thought in judging of our mutual adaptability. Now, the main purpose of marriage is to secure a partner with whom it would be pleasant and profitable to spend your life. The most beautiful body would not reconcile you to a thoroughly unsuitable mind; and a really congenial mind might easily be found in a body which did not display perfect symmetry of proportion and perfect beauty of features. You terrestrials know little of the mere physique of one another, as you are always enveloped in those clothes that serve to conceal your bodies, and often to hide defects. Of the moral qualities of one another you can know, before marriage, just as little as we do of each other; and yet you contract indissoluble marriages, and form life-partnerships with beings who may be perfectly unsuitable, physically and morally. And then you talk of the sanctity of marriage, and consider it a heinous offence even to think of dissolving the perhaps irksome bond by which you have bound yourselves to one another. No wonder that complaints are so frequent among you of unhappy marriages, and that your satirists find a constant theme for their unpleasant wit in the miseries of married life. To us it seems extraordinary that your marriages so often turn out the reverse of what we would naturally expect them to be, and that contented and even happy couples are produced by such unlikely means.'

"It may be easily imagined how profoundly I was shocked at hearing such sentiments, so utterly at variance with all that I had been taught at home. But I felt some relief for the grief of my great disappointment when I reflected that, without doubt, the sentiments expressed by my transcendental friend were entertained by Lily also, and I felt it impossible that I could have led a happy life with a young creature, however charming in other respects, whose ideas were evidently so diametrically opposed to every thing my education had led me to believe right and proper. I could not let him go without telling him how entirely I differed from him.

"Your notions respecting our English marriages," I said, 'are almost entirely wrong. It is true that couples often find themselves but ill matched. But the knowledge that they have made a life-contract, if they have common-sense and amiability, leads them to accommodate themselves to one another, to overlook faults and to develop latent virtues, so that, after a few months, or perhaps years, of greater or less discomfort, they generally settle down into a calm and peaceful contentment; and the love of children, which with us is a master-passion, tends to endear them to one another, and to make them overlook those little incongruities and discrepancies which, without the absorbing sentiment of parental love, they might be disposed to magnify into real incompatibilities, that would render married life a purgatory. You know nothing of the power of parental love, for your attachment to children, where it does exist, seems to have no reference to the parentage of the children. I observe that you part with your own offspring to the state establishments without regret, and adopt such children as you please, though you may have had no hand in the begetting of them, and cannot claim even a blood relationship with them.'

"In this, too," he replied, 'I think we have the advantage of you. Your own children are not necessarily lovable, though they are of your own blood. They may be ugly, disagreeable, disobedient, and perverse. They may be so numerous as to be a serious burden upon you. And yet you are bound by law and by custom to love, cherish, and provide for them all; to clothe, feed, and educate

them, though they may annoy and vex you every day of your life, and render your life miserable by their outrageous conduct. You have an idea that your children ought to love you, and pretend to consider it unnatural when they do not. But we do not see things in this light. Our children owe us no love for the mere fact that we are their parents. If we stand in the way of their advancement, if we prevent them obtaining the food and education they require, they will certainly hate us. If a poor man has a large family, and, from some sentimental feeling which he calls parental love, insists on keeping all the children at home with him, subjecting them to constant privations, and stinting their education by reason of his poverty, instead of sending them to the national institutions, where they would be well fed, well educated, and fitted for a useful and honorable career, can you affirm that this man does his duty by his children? Can you contend that to the parental sentiment must be sacrificed the whole future fortune of the children? We think quite otherwise here, and consider ourselves bound to stifle the parental sentiment if it militates against the well-being of our children. Thus, it is contrary to that well-being that uncongenial parents and children should live together, and it is prejudicial to both parents and children that a man with small means should attempt to bring up a large family. The parents are racked with anxiety, and the children are deprived of what they have a right to—sufficient food and a good education. On these principles we act. If our children are disagreeable or too numerous, we send them, or as many of them as we please, to the national educational institutions. We may, of course, retain as many as we please with us, and may even keep at home a far more numerous family than we have means to support. But, though there is no law against this, the opinion of society is so opposed to such a selfish proceeding, that few would dare to brave the censure of their fellow-citizens by adopting a course so detrimental to the true interests of their families. If we have no children, or do not feel pleasure in those we have, and still wish to have children, we can select such as we think we can love and of whom we may be proud. Why should we make ourselves wretched with uncongenial children, whom we never could bring up well, if they made themselves disagreeable to us? It is mere selfishness to love a thing because it is our own; the true philosophy is to love what is lovable.

"I felt it was no use protracting this discussion with one from whose very principles I must dissent. So I gave him my hand, and thanked him for his visit."

WOMAN'S RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

"Exemption from the cares and trials of life was claimed by them as a privilege of their sex. Attempts had been frequently made by agitators to compel women to take a fair share in active life. Books had been written and many lectures delivered, in which it was stated and attempted to be proved by the writers and lecturers that there was nothing in the physical organization or in the intellectual endowments of women to incapacitate them from many of the occupations and employments engaged in by men; that a fair amount of the work and drudgery of life would be of benefit to women in physical and moral respects; that the mere difference of sex should not be alleged as a reason for throwing all the burdens on the male sex. Appeals were made to the women themselves to come forward and take their share in the operations and employments, the arts and the manufactures that tended to the advantage of the community, and efforts were made to induce the legislature to pass laws compelling women to engage in work suited to their ca-

pacities. It was generally believed by men that the position of women would be much improved if they were to assimilate their mode of life to that of men. But these attempts had all, hitherto, ended in failure. Some women, indeed, were convinced of the equality of the sexes, and would have been willing to engage in useful occupation, but they were deterred by the clamor raised by some of their sisters, who declaimed passionately against the whole scheme, which they denounced as an insidious attack on their rights and privileges. It was a monstrous absurdity, they alleged, to represent that they were fitted for work. Their comparative feebleness, their delicate limbs, and elegant, rounded forms, would be utterly destroyed were they to engage in continuous work. Their capacity was for pleasure only, they were the toys and playthings of men, they were in the world to soothe and refine the rougher sex by their soft and winning ways, and their exalted and intellectual conversation. Once allow them to share the occupations of men, all the charms of life would be lost. The poetry of life would be gone forever, and society would relapse into a state of barbarism. Were women ever to be degraded to the hard mechanical ways of men, life would be one long dull round of irksome labor, uncheered by the civilizing and elevating intercourse of a softer sex, and men would soon find that, while lessening their own labors, they had completely eliminated the pleasures of existence.

"Fellow-countrywomen," exclaimed one of this shrieking sisterhood, 'do not allow yourselves to be trampled on. Resist this insidious proposal of tyrant man. Be not cajoled by this sophistical talk about equal rights and equal duties for both sexes. Women, coerce your husbands in Parliament, in the government, at the elections: give them no peace until they quash altogether this brutal attempt to induce you to perform what is clearly their own work. Once allow yourselves to be cajoled or forced into doing any useful work, and your despotic master, man, will soon make you do all the work; you will be reduced to the melancholy condition of red-Indian squaws, who are the hewers of wood and the drawers of water for their male oppressors, who pass their time in indolence or fighting. In place of being, as you are now, the ornaments of humanity, the glorious realization of the perfection of human loveliness, the gems and rare flowers of creation, you will resemble the beasts and the birds, in whom the males usurp all the beauty of form, color and voice, while the females are mere dowdy, voiceless drudges. Let us never allow ourselves to be degraded to a level with the lower animals. Wherein does the human race differ from the lower orders of beings but in the exaltation of its females above the drudgery of daily life to the æsthetic position of things of beauty, which are joys forever? Wherein does the civilized human being differ from the outer barbarian but in the exemption of his womankind from all occupations, save those that tend to the beautifying, the adornment, and the amenities of life? Resist with all your energy this vile attempt to dethrone you from your present moral ascendancy. Let those paltry, crawling creatures, who would make you mere beasts of burden and pieces of animated mechanism, see that you are the cream of creation, the glittering diadem on the head of humanity. Show these artful schemers that you are their betters—a more perfect creature than they are or ever can be. Man's place in Nature is to work for woman and worship her, woman's to contribute to the recreation and amusement of man after his labor of the day is over. If both work, life will lose its charms; for the exhausting effects of toil will deprive either of the power of contributing to the entertainment of the other. Therefore, fellow-countrywomen, resist with all your might this en-

croachment on your proper position, that of embellishing and beautifying the daily life of the community!"

"Such appeals to women to maintain their rights and to resist the efforts of men to trample them under foot, had the desired effect of raising such a spirited opposition to the proposition that women should be employed in useful work, that it had to be abandoned, and the women remained mistresses of the situation. They were thus free to develop the beauties and graces of their exquisite figures, and to devote themselves to all those arts and occupations that contribute to sensuous and intellectual enjoyment. And, in truth, they took infinite pains to render life pleasant to the rougher sex after the labors of the day were over. They were ever devising new amusements and diversions, and took care that sameness should not produce satiety."

AMERICAN POETS IN RUSSIA.

Russia, writes a correspondent of the *Baltic Gazette*, has often, of late years, tried to manifest its friendly feelings toward the United States, but it is doubtful if she has ever paid homage to all that is best and noblest in the great Transatlantic Republic in a more graceful and dignified manner than in St. Petersburg on the 11th of March. The Academy of Russia, an institution founded by the Empress Catherine II., in 1773, and in every respect a counterpart of the Académie Française, except that highly-distinguished foreign writers can be elected honorary members, conferred that distinction on the above-mentioned day upon two illustrious Americans, the poets William Cullen Bryant and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, after a discussion of their merits, which did honor to the Russian academicians who participated in it, and which will be chronicled as a memorable event in the records of the Academy. Let it be stated here that the honor conferred upon the two great Western poets is not an ordinary one; for, of the living poets of England, only Tennyson has been found worthy of it. France, at present, is without a representative among the honorary members of the Russian Academy, the name of Victor Hugo having never been proposed for obvious political reasons. Germany was honored some time ago by the election of Oscar von Kiedwitz and Emmanuel Geibel, while the names of Goethe, Schiller, and Jean Paul, are engraven upon the marble tablets of the dead members.

The sitting of the Academy was opened in the magnificent hall of the academical building at one P. M. on the 11th of March. Nearly all the eighty regular members of this illustrious body were present. They all wore the gold-embroidered uniform, for Russia uniforms everybody, even her distinguished *littérateurs*. Among the members present were the venerable Count Bestucheff, whose lyrics will convince even those who consider the Muscovite tongue a harsh and inflexible one, that, in the hands of a true poet, it may give utterance to the sweetest and softest strains; the young Alexei Anikoff, the Juvenal of his country, who is indebted to the personal friendship of the reigning czar for the freedom with which he is allowed, in excellent verse, to chastise the follies and vices of modern Russian society; Netzeleff, the son-in-law and worthy disciple of the lamented Pushkin; Baron Offenbourg, the grandson of a German, but the most brilliant and elegant essayist of Russia; the novelist Pelnoy, now a decrepit old man, but once the friend of the Czar Alexander I., and, what is worth more, beloved and esteemed by Lord Byron; in fact, nearly all the foremost writers of Russia; for St. Petersburg, in a literary point of view, is to Russia what Paris is to France. Every great Russian author is irresistibly drawn toward St. Petersburg. They all live there, or—abroad!

The galleries were filled with an equally

distinguished audience, although the imperial family was represented only by the emperor's brother, the Grand-duke Constantine. But he is generally known to be the most cultivated prince of the Romanoff dynasty, and especially noted for his appreciation of, and familiarity with, English and American literature. In fact, he seemed to take the liveliest interest in the proceedings, of which I will now give a brief record:

Baron Tolsteneff, an historian of considerable note, and a popular writer of "Travels in the Western Hemisphere," rose, and said that to him had been intrusted the honorable task of proposing for membership the American poets Bryant and Longfellow. These names, he said, were not unknown to Russians. There was present in the assembly a man, beloved by all of them (bowing to Professor Katejennoff), who had reproduced in their mother-tongue the finest productions of those two great poets. He himself had had the honor of a personal introduction to them, during his travels in the United States. He knew that they were eminent men, great poets, friends of Russia, friends of humanity, venerated by their countrymen, and worthy of being honored by civilized nations throughout the world. In honoring them, the Academy would honor the people of the United States, who are so friendly to us, and it would honor itself. He expressed the confident hope that the election would be voted without a dissenting voice.

The eloquent address of the orator was repeatedly interrupted by enthusiastic applause, and an equally fervent reception was accorded to Professor Katejennoff, the well-known translator of English and American poets, who in brief but eloquent words seconded the motion of the preceding speaker. He mentioned that, when he had been reader to the late empress-dowager, the widow of Nicholas I., that august lady had been deeply impressed by his reciting to her Bryant's "Thanatopsis," and had expressed a lively desire to hear more from the same author.

The venerable Count Bestucheff then rose, and said that the rapid literary development of the United States filled him with amazement. He stated that fifty years ago he had one day asked a St. Petersburg bookseller if he could procure him a book published in New York; whereupon the man had looked at him in surprise, as if he had been joking with him. And now the shelves of every bookseller in the capital were adorned with elegant works printed in America. That country was the friend and neighbor of Russia. Nothing would be more gratifying to him than to join his colleagues in paying homage to great American poets.

The question was then put by the president, Councillor-of-State Novrogiez, and, in response, all the members rose from their seats. Loud applause resounded throughout the hall when the president proclaimed the result in the following words: "The Academy of Russia, by a unanimous vote, has added to the list of its honorary members William Cullen Bryant and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, of the United States of America. They will be entitled to all the rights and privileges of the academicians during their lifetime, and the perpetual secretary will send their diplomas to them."

In consequence of this election, the two new honorary members, in case they should visit Russia, will be treated with the honors due to noblemen of the first rank. Soldiers of the Imperial Guard would mount guard before the houses in which they would reside, and at court they would have precedence of all, except the members of the imperial cabinet.—Translated for the JOURNAL.

WASHINGTON IN HUNGARY.

Pesth, the capital of Hungary, has in the last few years been so often the scene of

startling events, that its people have almost begun to believe in the truth of the old Latin proverb "*Nil admirari*." But, what occurred on the 10th of March at the National Lyceum in Pesth was so singular that the vast audience who witnessed it could not but admit that it was the strangest thing that had happened in the ancient capital of the Hungarian Kingdom since the stirring events of the Revolution of 1848-'49.

It was examination day at the National Lyceum, the pride and glory of Pesth, the most excellent of educational institutions in Hungary, and, it is generally conceded, one of the best on the European Continent. That solemnity is always witnessed by as large a crowd of spectators as the vast hall of the Aula will hold. The viceroy and the members of the Hungarian cabinet, the municipal authorities of Pesth, and many distinguished persons from all parts of the country, are regularly present on this occasion, in order to listen to the addresses and disputations of distinguished graduates and students.

This year, however, the emperor had promised to be present with his whole family, and, when the Lyceum clock struck ten, he was ushered into the hall, which was filled from pit to dome by a most distinguished audience, by the rector and faculty of the Lyceum. Upon his arm hung the beautiful Empress Elizabeth, still pale from the effects of her recent illness; and the imperial couple was followed by the Crown-Prince Rudolph, a hardy lad, very simply dressed, and with a decidedly open and good-natured face, and the Princess Ghisela, who is about to be married to Prince Otho of Bavaria. The whole assembly rose to their feet while the emperor and his family passed up the aisle. When they had been seated in the front fauteuils on the estrade, the solemnities commenced. There was a fine prelude on the organ, singing of the students, and an address from the rector, all of which, however, attracted but little attention; for everybody was anxiously waiting for the great event of the day, the debate between young Alexandre Deak, a nephew of the distinguished Hungarian statesman of that name, and young Count Lajos Szarvady, a scion of one of the oldest and most illustrious Magyar families. Both of these young men had just graduated with distinguished honors at the national Lyceum, and they were now, before receiving their diplomas, to debate publicly before the emperor, before all the dignitaries of the country, and before the *élite* of the society of Pesth, on the character of George Washington!

It may seem very singular that such a subject should have been selected for a debate to take place in the presence of the Hapsburg family; but the Hungarians have of late years taken a delight in manifesting a very independent spirit toward their emperor, or, as they call him, their king; they are ardent admirers of American liberty, they adore George Washington almost as a saint; and, moreover, the Emperor Francis Joseph, previous to his arrival in Pesth, had undoubtedly been informed of the programme of the solemnities to which he and his family had been invited.

When the two young men stepped forward, as may be imagined, there was a stir of excitement all over the hall. They were both about nineteen or twenty years of age, and dressed in the attractive and picturesque costume of the Magyars. Count Szarvady was taller than young Deak; but the latter seemed fuller of life and spirit.

After bowing to the audience and the emperor, Deak delivered a brief eulogy upon the character of Washington. He possessed a very sonorous voice, and delivered his well-finished sentences with all the effect and emphasis of a practised orator. He evidently believed in every word he uttered, and, as he warmed up, was repeatedly and enthusiastically cheered.

The emperor and empress seemed deeply

interested in the words of the young Magyar orator, and, when the latter, in words of burning eloquence, described the wrongs which the colonies had so long suffered at the hands of the British mother-country, and how George Washington had gallantly come to the rescue of his suffering countrymen, and, undaunted by temporary mishaps, had led them to a final glorious victory, there was a storm of applause, in which both the emperor and his consort heartily joined. Still more enthusiastic were the acclamations, when young Deak concluded his opening address with a splendid peroration.

He was followed by his youthful competitor, who had to perform the thankless task of taking the opposite side. In effect, the fine-looking young aristocrat seemed slightly embarrassed when he began speaking. The emperor, whose interest in the debate was evident to everybody, fixed his large blue eyes upon the speaker with a singular expression of suspense, as if he were curious to know what could be said against George Washington. Count Szarvady had evidently studied his subject well, and he repeated what has often been said against Washington by the enemies of American liberty; but he did so in well-rounded phrases and at one time drew loud applause from a portion of the audience by a fervent appeal for loyalty to the legitimate sovereign. The emperor looked somewhat thoughtful when Count Szarvady closed, but clapped his hands with the few who applauded the retiring orator.

Young Deak delivered a brief rejoinder, which was so fiery and eloquent that there was a tumultuous "Ejen!" when he finally withdrew with a graceful bow.

Thereupon the emperor rose and desired that the two young men should be presented to him, which was done by the rector of the Lyceum. He exchanged a few kind words with them, introduced them to the empress, told his son to shake hands with them, and, upon parting, invited them to dine with him that evening.—Translated for the JOURNAL.

"ANOTHER WORLD."

Regarding the new book just published, entitled "Another World," in which the author seriously professes to give, "from actual experience, a matter-of-fact account of the laws, manners, and customs of a kingdom situated in one of the planets of the solar system," *Punch* asks the author to be good enough to gratify a pardonable curiosity, and answer the following questions respecting our fellow-planetants: Have they a national debt? Have they any "old masters"? Are they forbidden to marry their deceased wives' sisters; or is it legal to do so in the northeast and illegal in the southwest? Do they talk about the weather, or have they any weather to talk about? Do they take a reciprocal interest in us and our proceedings; and have they telescopes of sufficient power to make out the course of the Serpentine, the summit of Primrose Hill, the top of the Duke of York's Column, etc.? Do they make *marriages de convenance*? Do they wear beards? Have they lawyers? Is such a thing as a job known in the upper circles? Are any of the following articles in request among them: rouge, false hair, orders for theatres, fiery sherry, morning calls, quack medicines, high black hats, after-dinner speeches, burlesques, great exhibitions, horse-hair wigs, and turtle-soup? Do they make Latin verses? Do they learn the dead languages of extinct planets before they are taught their own? Are their railways or airways, or whatever their means of locomotion may be called, as well managed as our own? Have they street music? Have they trouble with their servants? Is the manufacture of umbrellas a flourishing branch of their trade and commerce? Have they a lord-mayor? Have they a *Punch*?

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IF one walking about New York has many a glimpse of distasteful interiors, as we set forth a few weeks since, he also finds his perceptions of neatness and taste continually offended by the character of many of the exteriors. We will admit that Fifth Avenue is one of the handsomest of streets; but who cannot see that, if one prevalent material and one ceaselessly-repeated model had been varied by other devices, and other tints and forms, how really superb the street would be? The brown-stone, for which we have such a fondness, is of itself a handsome material, but, when repeated in long miles of houses, the uniform darkness of the tone gives a gloomy character to the scene. Fifth Avenue is wide. When the sun is out in full glory, and the street filled with brilliant equipages and well-dressed promenaders, the picture is quite fascinating, despite the dark-toned structures. But in the narrower streets the double wall of brown-stone, that sometimes stretches for long squares, gives any thing but a cheerful aspect. We need some marked improvements in the character of our domestic architecture in the towns; but our builders seem to think we have reached the best development of taste, if we may judge by the persistence with which they adhere to fixed models. The more modern houses are often admirably fitted with conveniences for the house-keeper; it would seem as if the builders had exhausted their skill in this direction; hence they may now the more readily give study to exterior design. Pretentious houses do not need this consideration so much as the smaller dwellings; great houses are tolerably certain to have an air of dignity and breadth satisfying to the eye, even if the design be faulty; but the residence for the average citizen needs almost entire renovation—needs something tasteful, cheerful, and inviting, as a substitute for the solemn and often forbidding façades that now affront us in every street. The most offensive characteristic of many of our city-houses is the inferiority of the material. Structures of so-called brown-stone, but really built of very common red sandstone, which show almost before completed the destructive effects of the elements in their slivered surface, give any thing but an agreeable picture; and, if to this broken, half-rotten character of the material be added ill-painted door-ways, iron railings all awry, stone steps chipped and broken, the effect is, of course, exceedingly slovenly; yet the picture is by no means rare, even in comparatively new houses. Unless the best grain of brown-stone is employed, brick is a far better material, both for wear and neatness. Heavy stone trimmings give a good effect to a brick front, the Caen stone being the best for the purpose. The brick-and-white-stone houses of Philadelphia are rather garish; yet the exquisite neatness with

which the Philadelphians keep their house-fronts—one could dine off one of their white-stone "stoops" (as we in New York call them) more cleanly than from half the restaurant table-cloths—gives notable cheer and freshness to their dwellings. Their white wooden shutters are the most objectionable feature; but they are scarcely more glaring than the white shades which in many New-York houses stare from the windows like great, lidless eyes, ghastly and appalling. The Venetian blind was once universal in our city; the taste which has discarded it should have given us a better substitute than a spread of white linen. Recently, a dark-green shade for window-panes has been coming into fashion; but there still remains to be invented for the window a pleasing and artistic device, such as will give to the exterior view of these openings a happy richness of color and elegance of form that will harmonize with the architecture, and help to give grace and beauty to the structure. The Venetian awning, as well as the Venetian blind, gives picturesque charm to the exterior of a house, and mellow tone to the room it shades. The windows of a domicile are its eyes; the expression they give forth determines the effect upon a spectator; and, like lustrous eyes in a homely face, a well-ordered window redeems ugly features in the rest of the building. While speaking of windows, we must refer to the singular narrowness which builders give to these apertures, although of recent years there has been great improvement. Before glass was invented, windows were reduced to the smallest size that would do for the admission of light and air; in those early periods narrow apertures were also necessary, when every building was a castle, and built for defence against foes. These two ideas, originating in the necessities of the times, still in a measure control our architects; we are only just beginning to understand the beauty, nobility, and largeness, which ample window-space gives, not only to the exterior, but to the interior, of a building.

From windows let us pass to balconies. What excellent opportunity exists in these for picturesque form, and yet how rarely do we discover taste or invention in their design! A formless, narrow parallelogram is what we usually see—not a hint of imagination, not a suggestion that the architect is aware of their great possibilities for charming artistic expression. Let a man of taste have control of the construction and adornment of windows and the erection of balconies, and, even within this limited exercise of his power, he could give in every street a succession of delightful surprises. But, if to felicitous ideas in these two features should be added pleasing roofs and sky-lines, artistic entrances and door-ways, we should have a street architecture not yet even hoped for in our cities. The dead uniformity of sky-lines, as we find them now, is alone destructive of every idea

of beauty; the old-fashioned steep roof, with dormer-windows, was far better than the present flat line. The Mansard has come in to modify our monotonous mathematical notions on this subject; but, with our usual passion for indiscriminate imitation, the Mansard has been simply vulgarized. We find it now surmounting every little railroad station-house, while villages of little frame buildings are crushed beneath the superincumbent proportions of the roofs. The Mansard, although very beautiful on large buildings, has become, by the epidemic which has carried it to every painted shanty, a matter of ridicule.

Cannot, we ask, public taste and the invention of the architects be aroused to a better domestic architecture? Let us build no more avenues of solemn brown. Let us remember that long, unbroken lines have no authority in art or Nature. Let us come to see that flat surfaces are without elegance or grace. Let us realize that sparkle and picturesque spirit are easily attainable, and would give to daily haunts a charm and perennial pleasure not without their value in the formation of character. Let us awake to the fact that the ugly degrades and demoralizes, filling the mind with low ideas and inferior tastes. The human race has been building cities ever since the world began—is it not time for it to build them with a larger wisdom, with greater elevation, with something of that æsthetic taste which enters into other arts?

— It is difficult to believe, even from royal lips, that Greek brigandage is really extinct; but so asserts King George solemnly, with a confidence which inspires one to pack up without delay, and sail off in search of romance and antiquities in the classic land. Brigandage has existed almost unchecked in Greece—and nowhere more audaciously than in the most hallowed of her historic neighborhoods—Olympus, Marathon; even on the banks of the Ilissus—for many a generation past, to such an extent, indeed, that Greece is yet almost a sealed book to Western explorers. It there took upon itself the formidable form of an army and a government. Even the Greek authorities did not regard the brigands so much thieves as political rebels, to whom were due respect and "belligerent rights." In the shelter of the hills round about Marathon, Hymettus, and Olympus, hordes of these highly-respectable highway-men held counsel, and thence made sallies on the rash caravans of European travellers who staked their heads against a glimpse of the famous field where Miltiades repelled the Persian host, or the sacred mount where Jove sat enthroned surrounded by the other gods. A few years ago the English public was roused to a pitch of indignation by the capture and assassination of a nobleman, Lord Muncaster, and his friends, near Marathon; and it was this deed, so vigorously protested against by his English allies, which spurred King George

into a really earnest contest of extermination with the brigands. Greek brigands were, indeed, not as other brigands. They embodied in sober reality much of the romance and picturesqueness which the novelists throw about the portraits of the highway-robbers of their fancy. They were in many instances as gallant as Rob Roy, as chivalrous as Claude Duval, as rollicking as Jack Sheppard or Paul Clifford. Many of them were of good birth; it was no disgrace for a young Greek noble to assume the leadership of a brigand troop as a profession in life. Those who escaped from the band which captured Lord Muncaster, while asserting their ferocity in action, bore testimony not only to the picturesqueness of their costumes, which were equal to anything in the story-book illustrations, but as well to the suavity and dignity of the robber-chiefs. The later Greek literature has done much to foster in the minds of the people an admiration for these fine-looking desperadoes, who are celebrated in song and story, and made the heroes of many a doorstep tale. Millionis with his rifle, and Karabillas with his towering form and swarthy features, are as well known for their prowess to the modern Greek, as Marco Bozzaris and the heroes of the War of Independence. With all their picturesqueness, however, it is well if King George's declaration is indeed true; for, like Rome, Pompeii, and the Holy Land, Greece is an invaluable mine for the antiquary; and if this worthy, reproduced a hundred-fold, may only be allowed to wander dreamingly from Lacedæmon to the borders of Thrace, unmolested by cutthroats however gentlemanly and gorgeously decked, we shall hear something worth the knowing when he gets back again.

— The immunity of London from great fires has long been a marvel, especially to Americans, who are but too familiar with wholesale ravages of the element. The densely-settled population, the square miles of narrow, crooked streets and closely-wedged houses and shanties, the character and habits of the denizens of these overflowing, poverty-stricken quarters, the unparalleled opportunities, in short, for fire to get a good start, and, getting a good start, to have its own will and way indefinitely, make it a wonderful fact that London has not suffered a great conflagration since that which took place in the reign of Charles II., and is commemorated by the monument which stands on the spot where it began, just by London Bridge. The Londoners do not hesitate to attribute their safety, in the main, to the composition and management of their fire-brigade; and a recent report shows wherein the chief officer of that body thinks the efficiency of his subordinates lies. He says that the brigade's strength consists in its "skilled officers and well-trained and disciplined men, with a full knowledge of the machinery and appliances with which they have to work," the result

being "a steadiness and utter absence of even the smallest appearance of excitement." Trial is sometimes made of the fire-brigade by purposely causing an alarm of fire to be raised. The whole telegraphic and steam enginery is set to work; and the brigade, by company after company, comes dashing on to the ground, to find that their chief has been simply testing their good discipline. London, it is confessed on all hands, has an admirable fire department. What with its force of four hundred skilled firemen, of whom about one hundred are on duty by day and two hundred by night, its three floating and twenty-five land steam-engines, its one hundred and thirty-five fire-escapes, its fifty-four stations, and its eighty-four miles of telegraphic wire, the fires have hitherto been admirably confined to narrow limits. Though, when it is considered that this force has to operate over an area of no less than one hundred and twenty square miles, it would seem hardly adequate, but experience proves the number, when drilled and picked and well paid as the brigade in fact is, to be nearly sufficient. But after all is said, it is recognized by the Londoners that a good system of fire-corps is not all that is needed, and that it is possible for a great fire to create immense ravages, especially at the East End; and an agitation has recently begun to clear out and widen that part of the town. It is curious to learn that London supports its brigade for sixty-eight thousand pounds a year, while the fire department of Paris costs threefold that amount. Of the sixty-eight thousand pounds the nation contributes ten thousand pounds, and the rest is raised by a percentage on fire insurances and a tax of a half-penny in the pound upon the London rate-payers.

— Steamers wrecked on the shore; steamers foundering at sea; buildings falling and crushing unhappy victims in their ruins; buildings on fire, and devouring penned-up wretches in their volcano of flame; railway trains "telescoped," with dozens of killed and mangled passengers; railway-trains plunging through drawbridges, tumbling over precipices, piling up ignited *débris*, with men and women sacrificed in the pyre—these are the incidents that day by day make up the drama of life, with almost daily a murder or a homicide to vary the tragic story. For the murder and the homicide we demand some sort of vengeance, and we busily discuss the means that may prevent these offences against law and order; but, after all, the most imperative need of the day is a guard against carelessness, which destroys more life a hundred-fold than criminal malice. We may, indeed, by scrupulous and upright lives, be almost certain to escape the ends malice has power to inflict; but what circumspect virtue will secure us against heedlessness? It may be broadly stated that every accident is preventable; that forethought, prudence, care, watchfulness, will invariably secure us against fatal

mischance; and this being true, every calamity is directly the consequence of a neglect or indifference which assumes a criminal character. If the Cunard steamers can cross the ocean for a quarter of a century and never lose a passenger, other lines, with equal foresight and precaution, can do the same; and if steamers year after year can experience all the dangers and vicissitudes of the ocean with this impunity, then other methods of travel, involving less elementary difficulty, may also, with similar good management, be rendered entirely safe. The multiplication of steamers and steamboats, the great yearly increase of railways and of travelling by rail, the vast extent to which steam now enters into business of many kinds, the immense increase of machinery—all these things are greatly multiplying the opportunities for accident; and, if we do not find some way to control them, the record of calamities will soon become appalling, and very far transcend in importance the record of crime. It is now obviously necessary, and this necessity will increase, for the law to step in and hold men as responsible for what they do by negligence as what they do with malice. The theory commonly entertained is, that we punish the criminal as a protection for society; it is no less urgent upon us to punish the careless or the negligent for the same reason. We believe the necessity of this will gradually come to be recognized; and, while the penalties inflicted will likely be of a different character from those imposed upon the vicious, they will yet need to be no less imperative and relentless.

MINOR MENTION.

— In all sciences and in all matters of inquiry it is customary to study either the phenomena or the history of the subject, with a view to ascertain what facts are indicated thereby. Three weeks since we published a somewhat elaborate article, entitled "Considerations for a New Municipal System," in which, pretty nearly for the first time, the scientific method was brought to bear upon the analysis of our municipal system; and, as a consequence, certain conclusions were elicited as being plainly indicated by the facts carefully collated. But this judicial and cautious article excites the derision of one of our city contemporaries as follows: "It is one of the gratifying indications of the revival of public virtue that literary gentlemen, private citizens in business circles, and pretty nearly every class in the community, step boldly forward to suggest methods of escape from the *chicanes* and corruption of local politics; but it is just possible that the unskilled practitioners mistake the character of the remedies they offer." What does this writer mean by "unskilled practitioners?" In this country politics are not given over to a profession; it is, indeed, enjoined upon the whole people to make affairs of government a study. The class known as politicians are simply skilled in manipulating partisan intrigues, or

in devising methods of public plunder; they are hopelessly ignorant of the philosophy of government; they are not only indifferent to elementary principles, but are commonly mentally incapable of understanding them. Ideas and reforms never emanate from this class; they usually are worked out in the closets of "literary gentlemen and private citizens," and ultimately come to be accepted by virtue of their innate force. A knowledge of political economy would be incumbent, one would suppose, upon politicians, but not only has all that we know of this science come from "unskilled practitioners," but your skilled practitioners, to save their worthless lives, cannot understand it. The "Considerations for a New Municipal System" which we have presented should be studied for their facts and their suggestions, which lose none of their value because they are supposed to come from a political layman.

— If New York were to fall into ruins to-day, Macaulay's "New Zealand" would search in vain five hundred years hence for any traces of its present magnificence. There might be enough of the piers of the Brooklyn bridge left for him to sit upon amid the desolation, but it is doubtful whether his eye would be gratified with the sight of a standing column or a wall. Our modern architecture may subvert our wants, but we must acknowledge that, as compared with ancient art, it is of a very perishable nature. On the Acropolis, the Theseum, on which Demosthenes and Plato looked, is now a museum of ancient sculptures; and the Roman Pantheon, which Pliny ranked among the wonders of the ancient world, is used as a Christian church, after an existence of nearly nineteen centuries. Of late years we have erected a few solid buildings, but nearly all of our structures are shams. Our brown-stone fronts are only veneered, and nothing but continual care prevents them from resolving into their original elements, while our splendid business-blocks are, for the most part, thin shells of iron; vast stoves, in fact, filled to the brim with combustible material ready for the match. We build merely for the present, and rarely for posterity. Shall we ever advance beyond the age of stucco and erect our Theseum and our Parthenon?

— An animated discussion is going on in London among army and navy men concerning the propriety of wearing the uniform as a general dress. Heretofore it has been customary for those belonging to the British military service to appear, when "off duty," in citizen's costume, and officers seldom attend even a public ball excepting as civilians. The advocates of reform propose to change this custom by making fashionable the wearing of the uniform on all occasions. They argue that it is more suitable, as well as cheaper, to wear the professional dress, and that to discard it on every civil occasion is equivalent to acknowledging that it is a sort of badge of servitude of which its wearer is ashamed. The advocates of this side of the question appear to be the more numerous. Their opponents argue that every thing professional should be laid aside in civil life, and that to wear the uniform in public is to subject an officer to sneers and ridicule. The

subject is of little consequence, but as our officers, like our civilians, are very apt to look abroad for their fashions, it may be seriously mooted here whether ballrooms in future shall be made resplendent with gold lace and flashing brass, or all mankind reduced to the dead level of civil uniformity. As a matter of taste, we prefer variety. A handsome uniform in an assemblage of black-coated men is as pleasing to the eye as an oasis in the desert. Officers are not so plentiful with us as in Europe, and we hope that the few we have will not seek to withhold their glories from the public eye from any false notion of shame or fear of incurring ridicule.

— The writer in the London *Illustrated Review*, from whose "Life in New York" we quoted a few savory extracts two weeks ago, continues his faithful description in later numbers. We are told that, if the traveller who, for the first time, sets foot on Manhattan Island, "wants to procure a key to the moral calibre of the denizens thereof, he needs but to procure a copy of the *New York Herald*," and proceed to the perusal of the "personals" and quack advertisements displayed therein. "Medical charlatans in New York," we are told, are as "thick as leaves in Vallambrosa;" it must be admitted they are abundant enough, but is no other city similarly affected? As proof of the extent of the evil here, we are informed that "a gentleman once remarked to the writer as we were walking up a crowded part of the Broadway together: 'Now, I would bet a case of champagne that if you or myself but called "doctor" aloud, ten or a dozen persons at least would turn round, arrested by the designation.' We did not try the experiment; but, nevertheless, I accredit my friend thoroughly." Having discussed our weakness in this direction, the world is next informed that "our cousins make too loud a boast, we fear, of their marked chivalry to women. It is little better than bounce and brag." As proof of this, is our tendency "to fall in love while about our daily business, or in the streets, walking or in conveyances," and that we are addicted to these highly unchivalrous and corrupt practices, is established by the—what does the reader suppose? Why, by the *Herald* "personals." Two items are brought into court. One advertisement reads: "Young lady, short, flowing hair, please grant an interview to young gentleman who crossed at Duane Street." The other: "The gentleman who unfortunately dropped (!) the young lady while assisting her in crossing Grand Street on Sunday night, desires an acquaintance, etc." These two counts establish the indictment of crime; our chivalry is only a sham with which we seek to form disreputable connections. Elsewhere we learn that married ladies have an unheard-of license; "they do as they like, and go where they like, having no base fear of their husbands before their eyes." What a millennium for women our town must be!

— "Dismal people," says one of the speakers in the new work by the author of "Friends in Council," "are the only people sedulously to be avoided, unless they have transcendent notions of cookery." But do dismal people ever have exalted notions of the

cuisine, and does not a taste for a well-spread board inevitably go with a genial and happy spirit? The main difficulty with dismal people is, they have no human nature, no good, honest appetites; they have no fondness for things that titillate the palate, arouse the blood, excite the fancy, stir the emotions, gratify the senses; they are without organs, passions, affections, excitements, or any power to put themselves *en rapport* with things about them. A dismal man with a transcendent notion of cookery! as soon expect melancholy to change its nature, and transform itself into mirth.

— Those who denounce so vigorously the luxury of the age, should examine the statistics a little. They will find that, instead of waste and extravagance impoverishing the world, wealth is accumulating far more rapidly in these luxurious days than it ever did under the rigid economy of by-gone times, and that at no period in the history of the world has the laboring-class ever held so large a reserve fund at command as now. Men expend more than formerly; they have a larger list of what are called necessities, and they discover no need of denying themselves every thing in the way of luxury. But, because we live better and enjoy more, it does not follow that we are more wasteful, or more extravagant than we should be. It is the surplus over expenditure that tells whether people are extravagant or not—not the amount they disburse, or the comforts they enjoy. Besides, with advanced culture and developed tastes come increased wants—indeed, commonly the measure of a people's wants is the measure of their civilization; and hence, what is called extravagance is often nothing more than the natural product of a more enlarged capacity, and a wider range of being.

— The *Hebrew Leader* makes a contribution to the "capital punishment" discussion of no little significance and interest. It seems that, notwithstanding the positive decision in the Scriptures that murder and homicide are to be expiated by the forfeiture of the criminal's life, yet great differences of opinion existed among the Tanaites, as laid down in the Mishna, the early portion of the Hebrew Talmud. Some looked upon the death-penalty as a punishment, others as a means of deterring others from similar crimes; others again preferred that the sentence of death should not be carried out at all if there existed the remotest doubt of the real guilt and culpable intention of the alleged criminal. "We read," says the *Leader*, "in the Mishna, that a synhedrial college, which, in the course of a seven years' discharge of its functions, should condemn somebody to death, deserves to be called a blood-thirsty and imprudent body of men. Rabbi Elieser ben Asaria goes so far as to say the same thing of a synhedrium that discharges its functions even seventy years long. Rabbi Tarphon and Rabbi Akiba are said to have gone still further, and to have uttered the words: 'If we had at that time had a seat and a vote in the synhedrium, nobody would have been put to death. We would have cross-questioned the witnesses in such a manner, that their depositions could never have been used in justification of a sentence of death.'

And the reason why they expressed themselves in this manner was, that they merely considered the death-penalty as a punishment. Rabbi Simon ben Gamliel, who held the theory that capital punishment was only a means of deterring others from crime, said in this connection: 'According to the views of R. Tarphon and R. Akiba, the effusion of blood would have increased in Israel, and the number of murderers would have become larger and larger.' We italicize the closing sentence in this extract, as illustrating the argument we recently advanced on this subject.

It is reported that an association of clerks in this city purpose building an hotel on the coöperative system, where stockholders shall have board at a small advance on the cost, and the public shall be accommodated at fair rates of profit. It is strange that this plan has not been tried before. The cost of respectable board is so great in New York, that it requires nearly the whole of a clerk's salary to meet his actual living expenses. By trying coöperation, men of meagre salaries will take the staff into their own hands. They will lessen their own weekly bills, and the profit, if there be any, will accrue to them as shareholders in the enterprise. A short time ago, an association of government clerks in England started a co-operative store, where unadulterated groceries and provisions were sold to subscribers nearly at cost, and to non-subscribers at a fair profit. The project proved so successful that the shop-keepers of the neighborhood, who were undersold, petitioned to have government employes interdicted from connection with such enterprises. But they were informed that the government could not interfere with the private affairs of clerks, so long as they performed their official duties well; and the store is still kept open, to the satisfaction of the stockholders, and of all who have patronized it. Let our young men who are struggling against high prices adopt a similar system, and they will find a very notable difference in their expense account at the end of the year.

What would become of our architects and builders if the people were possessed with even a moiety of the æsthetic passion that animated the old Greeks? Would our citizens, for instance, pass daily a pile of such massive ugliness as that which now affronts us at the corner of Broadway and Union Square with the equanimity and smooth good temper they now exhibit? But architects, under a sensitive and instructed public taste, would scarcely dare defy artistic propriety in this way; and if an ignorant or presumptuous designer should, under such a condition of things, thrust his nightmare conceptions upon the thoroughfare, a tumultuous indignation would soon warn him that his barbaric notions were not to be tolerated. Really, if every structure that goes up in our cities is to be constructed simply with the idea of seeing how far it can overtop all the neighboring buildings, and how glaring and conspicuous a show it can make, we shall have the ugliest public streets in the world; and it is time that either public sentiment or public authority stepped in to enforce upon those concerned a little common-sense.

Art Notes.

TEN or fifteen years ago the exhibition of a new picture by Mr. Church was an artistic event. This was largely due to three causes. He was the first American landscape-painter who, forsaking the well-worn path of common scenery, attempted to depict the more striking views in our own country and in other lands. The greatest contrasts in South-American landscape, with snowy peaks visible between rifts in the high-cloud formations, transported the imagination to regions of eternal cold; and the same picture presented the strange antithesis of tropical forests rich in a perpetual summer, to which parrots and gorgeous orchids of every color gave the splendor of a bouquet. At another time we were taken to the extreme north, and icebergs and glaciers of every hue furnished a scale of tints as varied as the rainbow; and paintings of Cotopaxi, Jerusalem, and the Acropolis, followed in turn. A second means by which Mr. Church delighted and astonished people was the great size of his canvases; and lastly, they were charmed by the microscopic minuteness of his work. To be able to count the feathers on the back of a bird and the leaves of a flower in the foreground, formed a test of his skill in the eyes of the inartistic that could not be gainsaid. Of late, as the American public are better educated, and have become more critical, these reasons for rating the works of Mr. Church so highly have gradually been discovered to be without sufficient foundation, and he is taking his true place. Mr. Bierstadt, as well as he, covers equally large canvas with the great features of the Yosemite; Mr. Bradford has penetrated to the Arctic Circle, and Mr. Tiffany has brought the domes and the minarets of the Orient to our doors. Still there is a Church party and an anti-Church party, but the world in general is scarcely more moved by the appearance of one of his pictures than by the works of a number of other of our best artists.

The painting of "Tropical Scenery," now on exhibition at Goupil's, is a very elegant and charming view—a scene at once pleasing and poetical, and, except for the two weakest points in it—the high mountains in the distance and a group of foreground tropical trees—it might easily be taken from our own Hudson. The river is scarcely wider, and the water has the blue-green tint in the shadow of the trees on its farther bank, which makes a great charm of the deep waters of the Hudson beneath the Palisades. Up the river, where the hills sink to the level of its shores, rich summer foliage, greatly resembling the groves of chestnuts above Yonkers, are lighted up by the brilliant sunshine of a June day; while the arched bridge, which crosses the stream above, forms the highest light of the painting, and constitutes the connecting link which unites the near and actual side of the picture with its poetical element.

"Land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping vells of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some through wavering lights and shadows
broke.

Rolling a slumberous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land: far off the mountain-tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow—"

This picture is one of the smallest of Mr. Church's which we have seen for a long time; it is about forty inches long, and, with the exception of the tropical trees in the foreground, which have no particular value, it is the least pretentious, and, so far, it seems to us in better taste; but still it lacks the nerve and vitality

of such works as those of Inness, in the same way that the elegant unreality of Bulwer's earlier novels differs from the art shown in the terse representation of Nature in George Eliot's works.

William Morris has become a household name to nearly everybody who is fond of poetry, and the pleasure which has been felt in reading his "Earthly Paradise" has given him a strong personal interest to us. We knew that literature was not his profession, but that he was an artist or artisan; and it is an interesting fact that the result of his pastime, so to speak, makes us care a good deal for the serious business of his life.

It is from this cause that the announcement that a colored-glass window from his hands was on exhibition in New York drew quite a crowd to see it during the two days in which it was to be viewed. We, in America, are so little conversant with such things that the public in general is not fit to criticise the particular defects or excellences which constitute their strong points. Of this work we can say that its feeling takes the beholder to the old cathedrals of Europe; and that it is one of the most elaborate, and at the same time simple, designs of any work of its class that has ever been imported into the United States.

Going into the small room in which it was placed, the spectator found that it covered and quite darkened the sole window of the apartment. It is divided into sections, the principal group representing the Crucifixion, with the chief figures in light colors on a dark ground, which is symbolical of the vine and branches. Scenes from the life of Christ occupy little compartments around the main picture, the costumes being mediæval, but the faces and figures modern; and in this respect the window differs from a large class of work of the same kind that has been sent here, in which the special design seems to be to make the figures as stiff and the faces as wooden as they could be wrought. In spaces between the side-scenes from the Scriptures bright angels float on backgrounds as dark as night, and, in fact, throughout the entire work the aim seems to be to draw attention from minor details, and to concentrate it exclusively on the active portion of the picture. In this particular it is unlike other colored windows in this country, in which often every subordinate detail of lettering, badges, and scroll-work, from their positive coloring and conspicuous position, attract the attention as much as the main motive of the scenes, and make a confusion in thought and retina, which leaves the impression that one has been treated to the view of a magnificent kaleidoscope, but with the idea of scarcely any thing more. This window, a memorial given by Mrs. Vanderpoel, cost three thousand dollars in gold in England, and is to decorate a church at Saugerties, New York.

Among the most powerful pictures of the ocean that we have ever seen, is the painting called the "Track of the Storm," by Edward Moran, which is on exhibition in New York this spring. The large canvas, five or six feet long by about three in height, gives ample scope for the development of the rush and swing of many waves. After studying Turner's "Slave-ship," we concluded that, allowing for all that was disagreeably humoresque in it, there were more voices of the sea in his picture than in any one we ever saw. The conventional painter of storms depicts usually one big wave or ridge of ocean, leaving the rest of his picture nearly a blank. In looking at Moran's painting, the feeling we had in looking at the Turner came back to us. What

a weight of water in the pile that two encountering waves have raised! And it nearly makes one sea-sick to let the eye and imagination traverse the lines of the long swells. A black storm-cloud, full of wind, as is shown by its twisted forms, is sweeping across the heavens; and beyond it, toward the horizon, a lighter sky is over a desolate waste of waves, from which the spray flies in sheets. These points are all quite fine, but the striking feature of this picture is the development throughout of what we call the "ground-swell." The waves are big and small, piled up and lessened in the distance—dark waves and light ones, transparent and solid; but way out through the picture, as far as the horizon, and underlying all their forms, are the heavy lines that mark the swing of the sea. We think that this rendering of the instability and at the same time the dead weight of water is the point of peculiarity and of value in the painting. The manipulation is good, but no better than that of many others; but it has, beyond most of them, what we want—ideas—in it. Many stories of the sea are told by it; and, where other artists have represented one or at the most two phases of ocean, the moods shown in this painting are as complex as those of a symphony.

"Mr. H. Wallis," says the London *Athenaeum*, "has just finished a picture, entitled 'A Dispatch from Trebizond,' representing the lower part of the façade of St. Mark's, Venice, with its coating of rich marbles and quaint carvings, and the bench of white marble which forms part of the building on the south side of the western front. On this bench sit two Venetian merchants of high degree, both clad in the red and flowing garments of their class and nation. One of them holds a letter, and reads it with an expression of extreme dismay; while his partner, equally interested, leans over him, and traces with a finger the lines announcing ill-luck to the firm, thus calling attention to the weight of the misfortune which has befallen them. Hardly out of ear-shot stands the tall, dark, lithe, reckless-looking courier who has been the messenger of evil tidings, attired in white breeches, fitting him like a second skin; a dark-blue jerkin, slashed and laced so as to show his white shirt. His bushy, black hair is crowned by a dark-red mortar cap. With one foot placed on the step of the marble bench, one hand clinched against his hip, and his eyes cast down, the man awaits the answer he must carry, over sea and land, from Venice to Trebizond."

Literary Notes.

IT is very fortunate for the human race in general that some achievements are so truly great that no amount of personal pettiness on the part of those concerned in them can nullify or even detract from their results. There are some deeds, the good of which, when once accomplished, cannot be taken away by any injudicious or unworthy after-thoughts or after-acts of those who shared in them. That inexplicable instinct, which perpetually impels some men to ruin what they have done by a subsequent undignified act, is powerless in these cases. What they have built up cannot be destroyed by any petty exhibition on their part afterward; and if they make such showing of themselves, it only fills us with a profound wonder at their folly in so darkening the lustre which their really great deed would otherwise have continued to throw upon their names. Such wonder we have certainly experienced in reading Mr. Caleb Cushing's account

of that very noble work with which he was associated—the successful carrying out of the Treaty of Washington. In being selected for a most responsible office in connection with the Geneva arbitration, Mr. Cushing was honored with an authority any man might be very proud to bear; but in taking upon himself the part of historian of the negotiation, he placed himself in a position of even greater personal responsibility, if possible, and assumed a duty, in the carrying out of which quite equal pride would seem to be concerned. Fortunately, the great triumph gained in the attainment of peaceful arbitration is emphatically one of those things which, as we have said, cannot be injured by personal pettiness; but it is certainly a very bad statement for us to have to make concerning the result of Mr. Cushing's labors—that the book that he has given us would injure it if it could. In spite of all the ably-written exposition of the treaty that it contains; in spite of all its clear and valuable information and succinct history, there could hardly have been written a more ill-timed and unfortunate work. Abounding in invidious insinuations—probably not so intended, but seeming such to one who hopes to find in it a broad and just account of what was in itself an agreement to submit questions to a judgment which was to be final beyond all petty grumbling—the treatise has more of the character of the satisfied account of a special pleader narrating a successful case than of the work of an impartial historian. Its worst feature—its attack upon the motives and acts of Sir Alexander Cockburn—has already called forth strong expressions of regret and denunciation from some of the leaders of the daily press; and will undoubtedly be the chief point seized upon in England by the readers of the book. We do not quarrel with any private or properly-expressed public opinion with regard to the judgment or justice of the English arbitrator's views; but we submit, in common with the many who have already spoken, that such a history as this purports to be is no proper source for accusations and utterly useless recriminations such as Mr. Cushing gives us in it. Giving them utterance there is bad taste, against which not dilettanteism, but the honest spirit of the nation, rebels. In no way can the book claim to be representative of American public opinion; and we hope this fact may be recognized in England. There is something better for us to do, now our dispute is settled, than to spend our time in raking over its ashes to see if there are still any live coals among them.

Dr. Mayo's recent extraordinary experiment in the description of our own manners and customs—the book called "Never Again"—was not calculated to inspire us with confidence in his delineation of social or other life in any quarter of the globe; and when we took up his newly-published work, "The Berber," we confess to a feeling of relief when we found the scene laid in a land so distant as Morocco, and in a time as far away as we could have ventured to hope—the reign of Muley Ismael. With this wide space separating us from the locality and the period of the events of the story, we felt a reasonable certainty that nothing but their inevitable and peculiar variation from the ordinary types of human nature would jar upon us in the author's description of his characters; and we were not entirely disappointed. "The Berber" is, in some respects, a remarkable book, and one we can earnestly recommend to such readers as are not yet surfeited with pen-sketches of Spanish girls, whose "dark eyes, bordered by long lashes, and shadowed by jetty brows, arched and

sharply defined, float in lustrous languor o'er the scene;" of ferocious sultans; of pirate-captains, "the terror of the seas, the dread of the Spaniards for miles inland;" of mountain-chiefs on Arab barbs; of burly and brutal negro villains; of Christian captives and benevolent old intriguing Mohammedans, who shelter them—to all those happy minds, we say, to whom these time-worn and famous characters are still fresh and new, and to whom they will be especially delightful when all collected in a single volume of convenient size, we cordially recommend this book. When we say that the heroes and heroines converse in such sentences as "To fly, we must keep the wings of desire feathered with the plumes of freedom," we feel that we need add no more to show these readers the bliss they have before them in the perusal of "The Berber."

If a thing is to be done at all, let it certainly be done well; and, if we are to satisfy the occasional craving for labyrinthine stories of the "detective" school, let us by all means go to the masters in the art of telling them, and not be satisfied with blunderers. Considering the fact that this kind of literature will always continue to fascinate in a certain fashion, whatever the fastidious may say against it—that we shall always continue to read Poe's tales, and to buy the works of that really greatly-underestimated writer, Mr. Wilkie Collins—it is certainly a good thing to have among us a few men, at least, who can minister to our wants in this respect with consummate ability, and not leave us to the mercy of bunglers, whose plots are a perpetual violence to human reason.—Among such masters of their school we must count M. Emile Gaborian. Two of his books, just translated, and published by Messrs. Osgood & Co., will be great boons to lovers of the ideal detective. "The Mystery of Orcival" and the history of "The Widow Lerouge" both begin with murders, like Poe's famous stories of the Rue Morgue and Marie Roget; and in each the whole book is devoted to a most ingenious tracing of the crime back to those who committed it. As such tales run, the plot of "The Mystery of Orcival" is really a masterpiece; and the detective Lecoq is one of the best-drawn specimens of his craft possible to imagine.

"The Coming Race" was a book the authorship of which was so well concealed that to the people of this prying age, so accustomed to knowing every thing as it passes, it proved a constant source of irritation so long as its somewhat ephemeral popularity lasted. But with the death of Bulwer, and the discovery that he had written it, it appeared before the public in an utterly different light, and gained at once a new attraction. Criticism of the book itself has long been exhausted; but, as a fresh and remarkable example of the versatility of Bulwer's powers—as a complete variation from any thing he had ever written before it, and a revelation of a current of ideas we did not know in him—the little satire will be read again by many who know it well, and sought for by many who have never taken the pains to make themselves acquainted with it. Its republication, by the Messrs. Harper, in a little volume of the most pleasantly-convenient form, and in the most attractive dress, is, therefore, a timely and valuable service.

That inexplicable spirit which impels M. Victor Hugo to continue making his admirers melancholy, by writing on and on long after he should have ceased, has driven him to the composition of another novel, which he still has in hand, entitled "Quatre-vingt-treize,"

and occupied with the history of the great French Revolution. To us, who spend much time in vain in wishing that the author of "Les Misérables" had never written "L'Homme qui rit," and had been content to pause when his noble powers were at their height, this intelligence conveys any thing but pleasure; but there is barely a chance that the veteran thinker may disappoint the world still, and once more produce something worthy of his prime.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have published, in a convenient little volume, a full report of the proceedings at the farewell dinner given to Professor Tyndall just before his departure from New York. It completes most perfectly what we may call the literature of the professor's American visit, and gives an excellent testimony to the honor in which he and his work are held here, as in his own home.

The *Athenæum* does not like to accuse Mr. Henry Kingsley of insanity, but it thinks that all the characters in his last novel, "Oakshott Castle," are mad, and that the only certain thing about the book is that it is literary rubbish.

Señor Coello, a Spanish dramatist, has had the hardihood to write a new tragedy, "Prince Hamlet," based on Shakespeare's great play. It is well spoken of in Madrid.

The new edition of Mr. Lewes's "Life of Goethe" will be more largely biographical than that originally published, and will consequently appeal to a wider circle of readers.

Scientific Notes.

MR. WYMAN DIXON, English engineer in the employ of the Egyptian Government, announces the discovery of a remarkable petrified forest, located in the Libyan Desert, about three hours' journey from the Great Pyramid. From Mr. Dixon's narrative, as recently published in *Nature*, we condense the following facts regarding this natural wonder: On the western horizon of the Libyan Desert, and in full view, from the summit, of the grand Pyramid of Gheezeh, though removed from the route of desert-travellers, there rises a conical hill, which has long been regarded as the ruins of a pyramid. A nearer survey of this supposed ruin determines it to be the conical end of a prism-shaped hill, stretching westward, and standing boldly out of the desert plain. It is upon the sides, and at the base of this hill, that the petrified forest is located. Descending the steep northern slope, the travellers, Messrs. Dixon and Grant, discovered, near the spot chosen for their camp, three large stone trees lying prostrate on the sand. The longest of these was fifty-one feet in length, and three feet six inches in diameter at its widest end, and two feet at its smallest. They were branching exogenous trees, apparently a species of pine. Passing up the "wady," or ravine, to the north of the hill, the whole desert was found to be littered with fragments of petrified wood, from twigs, the size of one's finger, to sections of branches and trunks. On the northern flank of the hill, hundreds of immense trees were lying half buried in the sand. Some of these were seventy feet in length, and in many instances the bark was still attached. All of them were exogenous trees, not a single palm having been discovered. From the absence of roots, it is presumed by the writer that these trees had been drifted here by the sea. From the evident origin of this hill, upon

the summit of which similar remains were also found, it was named Kôm el Khashob—the Hill of Wood. A careful survey determined its height to be seven hundred and fifty feet above the Nile-level at Cairo, and therefore one hundred and forty feet higher than the summit of the Great Pyramid. In accounting for the existence of these remains and their location, Mr. Dixon states that "the formation of the land would lead to the supposition that it has been the ancient coast-line, and that the trees drifted to where they are now found, and were there left in the briny waters of an evaporating sea or salt lake, and, as the fibre of the wood decayed slowly away, the space of each cell has been filled up by the crystalline silica held in solution in the water." We have already noticed in the *JOURNAL* the fact that there have lately been found, in the sands of the Toorkistan Desert, well-preserved specimens of marine mollusks, living representatives of which are still found in the waters of the Black and Mediterranean Seas. In view of these and other equally favorable evidences, the theory of an ancient interior coast-line is not without reason and authority. It will be of interest to Eastern travellers to learn that this newly-discovered forest may be easily reached from the Great Pyramid, only a three hours' journey either by donkey, camel, or horse, being also a winter day's journey from Cairo; were the magnificent carriage-road, which now leads to the pyramids, to be extended a short distance, the Kôm el Khashob would be within an easy carriage-ride from the Egyptian capital.

The spirited discussion on "the nature and origin of the solar spots," which has been in progress for several weeks in the Paris Academy, seems finally to have come to an end. Of the general character of this discussion, our readers have already been informed, but as the existence of these spots, their periodic returns, and the electrical and atmospheric phenomena known to accompany them, give to the question of their origin a practical as well as scientific bearing, we present a brief résumé of the discussion: Father Secchi first presents his views in a letter, in which he was understood to advance the theory that these spots were simply solar eruptions, akin to volcanic eruptions on our own planet. As opposed to this view, M. Faye, late president of the Academy, presents an able and exhaustive argument in favor of the theory that the spots were the down-rushes caused by cyclones. With regard to the assertion of Father Secchi's that the gyratory motion of solar cyclones must be small, he proved that it must be at least five times that of the most violent terrestrial cyclones. M. Faye also quoted from Mr. Norman Lockyer in opposition to the theory of solar eruptions. In so able and convincing a manner were these views advanced, that the learned father is forced to explain that he did not say that the spots were eruptions, but that they were produced by eruptions, being, in fact, the erupted matter cooled by its passage above the chromosphere, the facule being the centres of eruption. This opinion M. Faye chooses to regard, not as an explanation, but as "Father Secchi's new hypothesis," and showed that it was also incompatible with the observed facts, the spots being surrounded with facule; whereas, according to Secchi's last theory, they ought to surround facule. From the rather meagre reports of these opposing views, which are before us, it would appear that the Italian astronomer has been fairly vanquished, and that the theory of cyclones, as advanced and defended by M. Faye, is entitled to acceptance as most fully in accord with the observed facts.

"He'll never set a river on fire," is a well-known New-England euphemism for feebleness of intelligence; but, scientifically considered, it is losing somewhat of its force, since water, in bulk, is mostly composed of hydrogen, a very inflammable material. Any chemist to-day can set water on fire, as he could a river, no doubt, with more extensive appliances—sufficiently extensive appliances, would perhaps be the safest way to state it—and it is believed by able chemists of the present time that the hydrant in the house will yet furnish all the lighting and heating that may be required. That water can set fire to the land—and that spontaneously, under certain circumstances—is not very generally known, though it is a well-established fact, and gave a text to the Millerites in times past. M. Reclus, in his exhaustive work upon the ocean, says: "Strange as the assertion may appear, the water of the sea can, in certain cases, destroy the rocks on its borders by combustion." The cliffs of Ballybunion, on the western coast of Ireland, are cited as a case in point. The rocks of these cliffs are channelled by the action of the waves into numerous galleries and grottoes and fantastic shapes. One day there was an extensive fall among these sculptured rocks, which contain a considerable proportion of alum and iron pyrites; and the action of the atmosphere and the sea-water upon these substances produced a rapid oxidation that evolved an immense heat. For weeks the rocks burned like coals in a gigantic furnace. From the high cliffs, besieged by the surf, the steam rose in dense clouds; and huge heaps of "melted scorie and clay, transformed into brick by the violence of the fire, were to be seen."

The Signal-Service Bureau, it is stated, is about to extend its system of weather prophecies so that the exact and valuable information now presented in the daily telegraphic dispatches to the press, may also be accessible to those who are not favored with a morning and evening paper. In order to effect this, it is proposed to use the rural post-offices as mediums for the distribution of weather intelligence. The territory east of the Mississippi has been divided into districts of about two hundred miles in extent either way, and each having, near its centre, a telegraph-office, to which the daily probabilities will be sent each day from Washington. Immediately on the receipt of these communications, duplicate copies of the report will be sent to all the post-offices within the district which can be reached by mail as early as six o'clock P. M. These weather-maps are to be at once posted on a bulletin-board, and may there be consulted by the farmers in the community, who may thus be guided in their movements. The value of this plan can hardly be over-estimated, and its speedy adoption will be only a renewed evidence of the zeal and forethought which have characterized the management of this our last and most efficient "bureau."

In a late lecture on the chemistry of coal, Professor William H. Chandler, of the Lehigh University, illustrates England's gain in motive power by coal as follows: The power developed in the combustion of a pound of coal is reckoned by engineers as about the same as that exerted by a man of ordinary strength during a day of labor, so that 300 pounds of coal will represent the labor of a man for a year. It has been estimated that 20,000,000 tons of the annual coal product of Great Britain is devoted to the development of motive power, and that this is equivalent to the labor of 133,000,000 of men. These men, in this calculation, are considered as exerting merely

"brute force," but since they may all be regarded as producers only and not consumers—the profits on the balance of her coal-product fully covering all expenses—we are safe in estimating the contribution made to the wealth of Great Britain, by her annual coal-product, as equal to 133,000,000 of skilled operatives laboring for her enrichment.

ATOMS.

Dr. Elsner, of Berlin, has found that iron volatilizes at a temperature of at least three thousand degrees Cent. On exposing a small piece to this heat in a covered crucible, he was able to obtain small needles of crystallized iron.—A number of the leading citizens of St. Louis, have organized an association under the title of the "St. Louis International and Industrial Exposition." The main purpose of this institution is to develop home industry.—A discovery has been made near the small town of Volbrom, in Russia, of an immense quarry of lithographic stone. A merchant in Berlin is said to have purchased it for one hundred thousand francs.—Recent surveys have determined that the coal-fields of China cover an area of four hundred thousand square miles.—It has lately been discovered that the young shoots of the bamboo contain a bitter principle, which may prove valuable and effective as a febrifuge.—A committee has been formed among the members of the Berlin Geographical Society to cooperate with the other geographical societies of Germany in organizing an expedition for the completion, from the west coast of Africa, of the discoveries commenced by Dr. Livingstone from the east.—At a recent meeting of the Frankfurt Polytechnic Association, Professor Boettger exhibited a novel kind of ink, which is admirably adapted to take on journeys and exploring expeditions. White blotting-paper is saturated with aniline black, and several sheets are pasted to form a thin pad. When wanted for use, a small piece is torn off and covered with a little water. The black liquid which dissolves out is a good writing-ink. A square inch of the paper will give enough ink to last for a considerable writing, and a few pads would be all that an exploring party need carry with them. As water is always available, the ink is readily made.—A single lumber-mill in the Saginaw Valley, Michigan, cuts and turns out three hundred and seventy thousand feet of lumber a day.—The question of a platinum coinage is again being agitated in Europe.—Robert has made for President Barnard, of Columbia College, a two hundred dollar test-plate, twenty band, which claims to reach two hundred and twenty-four thousand lines to the inch, being twice as fine as the finest lines on the nineteen band-plate.—Professors Shaler, Wilder, and Packard, expect to pass the whole, or nearly the whole, season at the Anderson School for Naturalists, on Penikese Island.—It is said that a little coarsely-cut gentian-root, well masticated, the saliva being swallowed, taken after each meal, will soon take away all desire for the chewing of tobacco.

Home and Foreign Notes.

IN the amusing opening of Lord Lytton's posthumous novel, "Kenelm Chillingly," there are some admirable remarks on the moral responsibilities of parents for the names they give to their children. Sir Peter Chillingly is very hard on his own name, and ascribes his mediocrity in great measure to it. "Peter," he says, to the assembled family council, "has been for many generations, as you are aware,

the baptismal to which the eldest born of our family has been devoted. On the altar of that name I have been sacrificed. Never has there been a Sir Peter Chillingly who has in any way distinguished himself above his fellows. That name has been a dead-weight on my intellectual energies. In the catalogue of illustrious Englishmen there is, I think, no immortal Sir Peter except Sir Peter Teazle, and he only exists on the comic stage;" and Sir Peter Chillingly might have added that Sir Peter Teazle is immortal only for the amusement he affords to others, not for any intrinsic capacity. One of the family council, however, suggests "Sir Peter Lely," on which Sir Peter Chillingly replies with unanswerable force, "That painter was not an Englishman. He was born in Westphalia, famous for hams. I confine my remarks to the children of our native land. I am aware that in foreign countries the name is not an extinguisher to the genius of its owner. But why? In other countries its sound is modified. Pierre Corneille was a great man; but I put it to you whether, had he been an Englishman, he could have been the father of European tragedy as Peter Crow!"

A correspondent of the *Tribune*, who is writing valuable letters to that paper on the condition of South Carolina, gives a suggestive description of the negro Legislature. He says the negroes have a wonderful aptness for legislative proceedings; they are "quick as lightning" at detecting points of order, and they make incessant and extraordinary use of their knowledge. "Their struggles to get the floor, their bellowings and physical contortions, baffle description. The Speaker's hammer plays a perpetual tattoo, all to no purpose. The talking and the interruptions from all quarters go on with the utmost license. Every darkey esteems himself as good as his neighbor, and puts in his oar, apparently as often for love of riot and confusion as any thing. The Speaker orders a member whom he has discovered to be particularly unruly to take his seat. The member obeys, and, with the same motion that he sits down, throws his feet on to his desk, hiding himself from the Speaker by the soles of his boots. In an instant he appears again on the floor. After a few experiences of this sort, the Speaker threatens, in a laugh, to call 'the gemman' to order. This is considered a capital joke, and a guffaw follows. The laugh goes round, and then the penants are cracked and munched faster than ever, one hand being employed in fortifying the inner man with this nutriment of universal use, while the other enforces the views of the speaker."

Mr. Grant, author of "The Newspaper Press of Great Britain," says it has come within his personal knowledge as editor, that a "penny-a-liner" would—aided by a few friends—get up a so-called public meeting, in order to earn a little money by reporting the speeches; perhaps only eight or ten persons would be present, but they all spoke, and the speaking supplied him with material for a report of respectable length. One "liner" has been known for his dexterity in getting up deputations to the prime-minister, or some other member of the government, on some real or fancied grievance; as the other "liners" knew nothing about it beforehand, he had the field all to himself, and his report of the interview had a chance of insertion in three or four different papers on the following morning.

The Forty-second Congress passed an admirable act for encouraging the growth of trees in the United States. Under its provisions, any person who shall plant, protect, and keep in a healthy condition, forty acres of trees for ten years, on any quarter-section of the public lands, shall be entitled to the whole quarter-section at the end of the time mentioned, on proof of the fact by two credible witnesses. It also provides that any person entering into possession of lands under the Homestead Law who shall cultivate an acre of trees for three years, shall be granted a patent for one hundred and sixty acres, free from all debts previously contracted.

All the indications point to a speedy joining of the long-threatened battle between the railroad corporations and the people. The Illinois farmers have organized for the fray and evidently mean business, and their movement

is spreading into all the agricultural States of the West. The press too is beginning to train its guns, and is holding the companies to a more and more rigid accountability; and, most significant of all, the New-Jersey Legislature, at its recent session, passed a general railroad law which utterly overthrows the gigantic monopoly that has held that State in its clutches for nearly half a century.

Professor Donaldson, an adventurous American aeronaut, intends to attempt to cross the Atlantic this summer in a large balloon. The balloon which he has made for the purpose will weigh about two thousand pounds, will contain two hundred and sixty-eight thousand feet of gas, with two small reservoirs to provide against leakage, and an electrical arrangement for light. The professor expects to accomplish the trip in from seventeen hours to two days and a half, and, if the experiment proves successful, intends to establish a balloon mail and passenger line round the world! Yes, and if Neptune comes near enough in the approaching perihelion of the planets, we shall get on that ball and see how it feels two hundred and seventy million miles from the sun.

"Le Père Barre," the best player of "tennis" that ever lived, has just died in Paris. He was a character of much celebrity in his day, and flourished through many historical vicissitudes. He was by turns appointed "professor" of tennis to Charles X., Louis Philippe, and Napoleon III., and enjoyed a pension of twelve hundred francs yearly. With the siege and the overthrow of the empire ended his long career of prosperity, and he died, as it is to be feared many others have done, from the privations which he endured shut up within the city walls during that fatal winter.

Mr. Coleman, of the Bartholomew Hospital, attributes the degeneracy of the teeth in modern times to the soft state of the food we eat, and the part played by knives and forks as substitutes for the teeth. He thinks that one of the ways in which our race will become extinct, will be by the ultimate development of an edentulous race incapable of mastication, and therefore of adequate nutrition. We commend this reflection to those who complain of tough food.

Miss Una Hawthorne, daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, has engaged in a charitable work, in London, worthy of the name she bears. In conjunction with her friend Miss Hales she has taken a house and made it a home for thirty orphan and destitute children, whom they mean to rear and educate for domestic servants. This charity can be indefinitely extended, and friends in this country are invited to cooperate in the good work.

The summit of Cotopaxi, the highest active volcano in the world, was ascended for the first time on the 28th of November last by Dr. Reiss. The crater is fifteen hundred feet deep, and elliptical in form, the longer axis running from north to south. From all the circumference, rocky slopes descend to the central vortex, which is comparatively small, and smoking fiercely.

And now we are to have the postal cards. The scandal that accompanied their first use in London will not, we venture to say, characterize their introduction here; the American Jonathan has never exhibited the genius for ribaldry and open indecency the British John has. We are here rather fond, perhaps, of a frolic with revolvers and bowie-knives, but the vulgar jest has flourished nowhere so abundantly as among the cockneys of the Thames.

Perhaps, after all, the solution of the jury question lies in the employment of negro jurymen. At the trial of Tom Wright, in Washington, last week, these simple children of Nature passed a unanimous verdict of guilty on the first ballot, without any recommendation to mercy or other qualification.

Recent gossip about the leading French authors informs us that President Thiers is worth \$200,000, in great part gotten by his writings; Victor Hugo is worth \$120,000; George Sand, \$220,000; Edmond About, \$50,000; Victorien Sardou, \$100,000; and Théophile Gautier died possessed of \$200,000.

The great strike in South Wales was terminated on the 18th of March, by a compromise which conceded nearly every thing that the men originally demanded. This was probably the hardest encounter between capital and labor that England has yet seen, and its result need not discourage the workmen.

A current item of Washington gossip is to the effect that Senator Sumner has declared that he will never again set foot in Massachusetts until the resolutions of censure passed by the last Legislature are expunged from the record. Meantime his health continues very precarious.

The new play, says the London *Athenaeum*, by M. Sardou, produced with moderate success at the Gymnase-Dramatique, is a translation of "Agnes," a piece written by M. Sardou for America, and produced a few weeks ago in New York. It is a mixture of extravagance and triviality, wholly unworthy of the author.

The French Academy seems to be a genuine refuge for the aged. Among its most distinguished members at the present time, M. Guizot is 85 years old; Thiers is 76; Remusat is 75; Saint-Marc Girardin is 71; Victor Hugo is 70; and Monseigneur Dupanloup is 70.

Punch thinks that if a young lady wants to keep her hands free from chaps, all she has to do is to dress in the present fashion, and let it be known that she has no money. Chaps, especially if they be sensible chaps, will then let her hand alone very severely.

A Pennsylvania editor, disgusted with the ordinary prospectus, comes out fairly and frankly. He says his paper is "an airy old sheet, devoted to wind, whiskey, wickedness, and other religious matters. Vox Populi, vox Beelzebub!"

Should the present Parliament be dissolved, it is said that John Bright will not again be a member, but will withdraw altogether from public life.

Dean Ramsay estimated that four million sermons are delivered in England every year. And still the people are not happy.

The King of Siam has established two schools under English masters at Bangkok, for the sons of the nobles.

The Record.

A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

APRIL 4.—M. Louis Buffet elected President of the French National Assembly. Several bank-forgers arrested at Rome. Dispatch that the Parliament of New South Wales had voted two hundred thousand dollars in aid of immigration.

Report of the murder of a mail-carrier and several surveyors by Cheyenne Indians.

APRIL 5.—Dispatch of a battle in the Alichall Igui Mountains between 960 Carlists and 500 Republicans. Most of the churches in Catalonia closed or turned into barracks. Twenty-five Carlists captured near Barcelona—mob prevented with difficulty from lynching them. Fire-damp explosion in a coal-mine near Abertillery, England, killing five miners and wounding many.

Freshet on the Hudson at Albany, N. Y. Snow-storm in Colorado. Tornado at Burlington, Iowa. Seven persons killed by the blowing down of a house, and over twenty injured. Much property destroyed.

Death of ex-Governor A. B. Moore, of Alabama. Dispatch from Belgrade, of the death of Milivoj Blasnavatz, Minister of War and Public Construction, and President of the Servian Cabinet Council.

Intelligence that the town of Manzanillo had been sacked by the Cuban insurgents.

Advices that Major Brown had defeated the Apaches in a fight, killing thirty-eight.

APRIL 6.—Dispatch of the Russian expedition moving against Khiva.

Intelligence that the churches in Reno, Spain, had been closed and guarded by armed peasants, and of the burning of San Guin Railway-station by the Carlists. Continued insub-

ordination reported among Contrera's troops in Barcelona.

Advices of conflicts in Guatemala between the Church party and the Republic. The rebels attack Esquintla, driving the garrison away. A forced loan decreed by the government.

APRIL 7.—The national budget submitted to the British Parliament; balance £12,000,000.

Bill passed by the French Assembly reimbursing Paris its war contribution of 28,000,000 francs, and granting indemnity to the departments of 24,000,000 francs.

Horse- and cattle-disease reported in Jamaica, W. I.

Intelligence that Sir Benjamin Pine had retired from the government of the Leeward Islands, and accepted the governorship of Natal.

Charles E. Ingersoll elected Governor of Connecticut.

Frederick Krouse, of Snufftown, Pa., kills his wife.

Dispatch of the arrest of James O'Kelly, the Cuban correspondent of the *New-York Herald*, by the Spanish authorities at Manzanillo.

APRIL 8.—Carlists resume the campaign in Navarre; desertions reported from the government forces to their ranks. Menotti Garibaldi reported to have offered his services to the Spanish Republic.

Intelligence of the suicide of Mitschajeff, a Russian political conspirator, condemned to twenty years' exile to Siberia.

Freshets in the Genesee, Chenango, Susquehanna, Delaware, Mississippi, and other rivers. Lands submerged, and much property destroyed.

Brigham Young resigns as trustee in trust for the Mormon Church, but retains the leadership.

The foundation-walls of a new city building at Rochester, N. Y., undermined by the flood, precipitating upward of twenty-five persons into the Genesee. Fifteen rescued; number drowned unknown.

Death of Alderman Peter Gilsey, a prominent citizen of New York.

APRIL 9.—Conflict between the police of Kinsale, Ireland, and fishermen on a strike; two of the strikers killed, several wounded.

The Carlist General Saballo reported near Puigcerda, and women fleeing from the town, fearing an assault. Dispatch of the expulsion of the Jesuits from Salamanca.

Forest conflagration near Gordonsville, Va.; many farm-houses and a railway-station burned.

Fall of Shepard's Block, Middletown, Conn., burying thirty persons in the ruins; nine removed injured, and six dead bodies found.

Fire at the National Tube Works, at McKeesport, Pa.; one employe killed, and several injured.

Intelligence from India of the death of William Brydon, C. B., of the Bengal medical service; and from Melbourne, of the death of Henry Gritton, an artist.

Shell explodes on the British man-of-war Cambridge, at Devonport, England; many persons wounded.

APRIL 10.—Puigcerda bombarded by the Carlists; relief sent from Girona.

Strike of two hundred quarrymen in Hainault, Belgium. Attempted demonstration suppressed by gendarmes.

Food-famine reported on the islands on the Irish coast off Galway.

The Kioways, Cheyennes, and Arapahoe Indians reported preparing for war. Apache raids reported in Mexico. The Modocs fortify the Lava-beds.

Great freshet at Thamesville, Ontario.

Fuse-factory burned at Avon, Conn.; a boy injured.

The New-York City charter passes the State Senate.

APRIL 11.—Dispatch that General Camanos had beaten a band of Carlists menacing Geloni, and that the insurgents had demanded a forced loan from Villafranca, under threats of burning the town, which was refused.

Intelligence of a fight between two rival companies of actors, at Olonne, France; nine killed, several wounded.

Report of an engagement at Manzanillo, Cuba; twenty-two insurgents killed, and twelve government troops.

APRIL 12.—Intelligence that the city of San Salvador, capital of the republic of Central America of that name, has been destroyed by an earthquake; eight hundred persons perished, and property destroyed valued at twelve million dollars. There was a series of shocks extending through several days.

Heavy floods in many sections.

Gold 118½.

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